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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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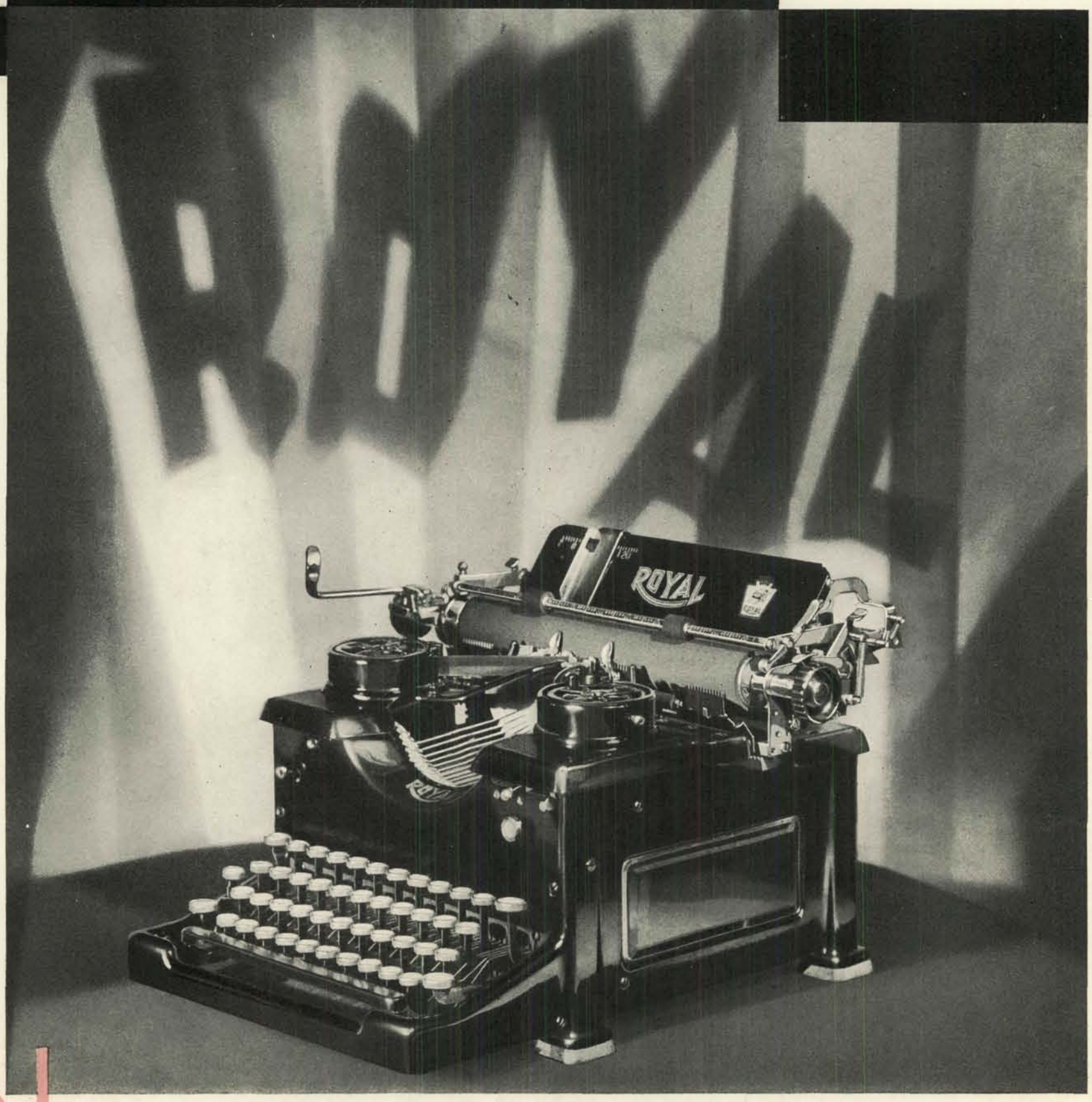

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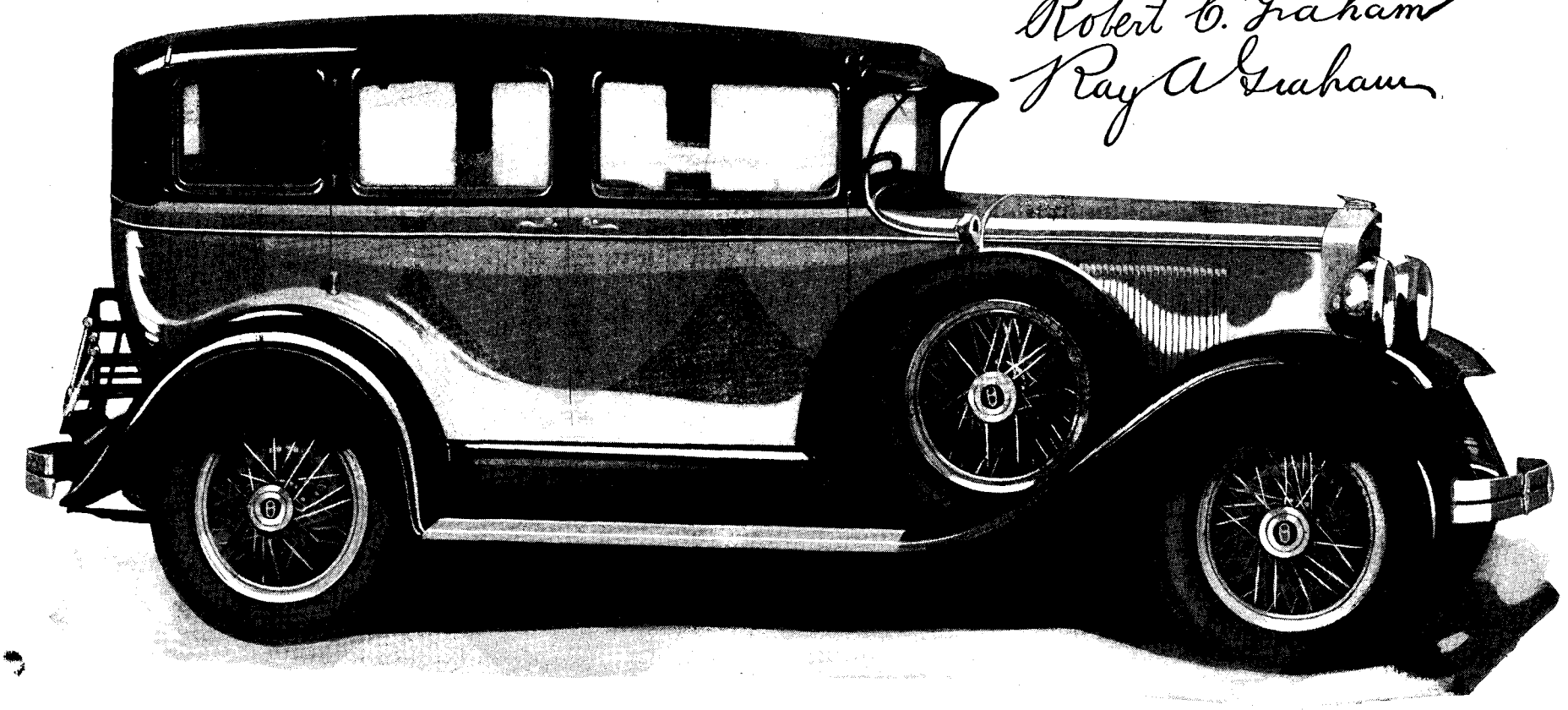

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What Lincoln of the Movies did off the lot was nobody's business —but Chichester Smith thought otherwise

"I don't like them whiskers," she announced. "I don't either," he agreed amiably. "They're no good, except as make-up"

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Man at Work

By Frank Condon

IT IS now generally recognized in Hollywood that Mr. Walter Wesley Gilfillan, the slap-stick comedian and former producer of two-reel comedies, is one of the coming giants; one of the directors from whom the business expects great things.

It is many months since he appeared as an actor. He has been devoting his talents to the fabrication of motion pictures for the old-line firm of O'Day and Grogan, and his photoplays have steadily been advancing in public esteem. They have been growing longer, too, and the climax came recently when John O'Day summoned him into the presidential suite and announced that the organization was about to tempt fortune and manufacture a ten-reel drama, founded upon incidents in the life of America's greatest citizen, Abraham Lincoln.

"A special," cried the president and boss. "A big one."

"Good," responded Gilfillan. "We're growing."

"You're going to direct it," declared O'Day in triumph.

"Me!" incredulously.

"Yes, you. . . . You have demonstrated to me that I can trust anything in your hands. I'm showing my confidence by giving you this job of Honest Abe, if we call it that, which we probably will not."

Gil attempted to look modest, but failed.

"I shall do my best, Mr. O'Day," he said. "This is a grand opportunity for me."

"Opportunity always comes to good men," O'Day commented, and presently Mr. Gilfillan, with his chest out, sauntered down the asphalt alley to inform his friend and confidante, Shorty Hamp, that the big moment in his life had arrived at last.

"Can you imagine?" Gil chuckled, "Abraham Lincoln, no less. And me throwing pies two years ago."

"YES," agreed Shorty, the little fat man of the studio, "and that is all right, except for what you might call Item A."

"What's that?"

"There is only one actor in Hollywood who can play the part."

"I know it. And what of it?"

"Ralph Greenway," murmured Shorty, making a gesture of contempt with his thumb.

"Well, all right. What about him?"

"Ralph Greenway," the little fat man repeated, in a musing tone. "A tough hombre to work with; a bad boy, if ever there was one. You're gonna have plenty of fun with that sprig of poison ivy, Mister Gilfillan."

"Say," snorted Gil, "I've handled temperaments before, my fine bucko. If Greenway gets this job—"

"If he gets it!" Shorty interrupted. "Who else in Heaven's name could get it?"

"There will be no trouble with Mr. Greenway," Gil declared in a tone of finality.

"You mean you hope there won't."

"I'm telling you there won't."

Shorty shook his head in grave doubt and Gilfillan repaired to his office to glance over the contemplated cast. He whistled lightly as he walked, with the manner of a man who fears trouble not at all.

Two days later there strolled into the information bureau of O'Day and Grogan a seedy-looking individual, who rapidly became an object of curiosity. He was superlatively homely. Upon his face no redeeming feature sprouted and his garments were plainly the cut of a bygone era. The information girl gazed at him and smiled sympathetically.

It was a coolish morning, but the caller was perspiring gently, and the studio was later to learn that constant clamminess was part of the visitor's personality. His ears flapped out at right angles and were startlingly ugly ears. His nose, a huge, bulbous blob, glistened and he had a sort of fishlike mouth, a strange, almost inhuman mouth. His hair was rapidly disappearing, and his long, flail-like arms knocked against his legs as he walked.

"SOME pan," remarked the information lady. "Who do you want to see, mister?"

"Gilfillan," said the stranger.

"Mister Gilfillan?"

"I said Gilfillan, but you call him mister."

"What is your name?"

"Chichester Smith."

"Have you an appointment?"

"No, but he knows me."

The girl regarded him darkly, and communicated news that a Mr. Smith stood without the gate.

"Send him in," commanded Gilfillan, much to the girl's amazement, and Mr. Smith walked through the magic door. His manner of advancing was peculiar, too. He walked with a slouching, shuffling gait that betokened utter weariness with the world and its shams. He slid his huge feet along the boards, scorning to raise them.

Mr. Smith disappeared into Gilfillan's office, towed briskly by a boy, and

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the conference that ensued was both brief and fraught with mystery. Next day, Chichester Smith came to work, the holder of a job in the movies, an employee on salary, a cog in the machine. He was stopped by the gateman, the same gateman who once stonily barred Mrs. John O'Day from her husband's studio.

"What do you want?" demanded the gate-tender, looking suspiciously at the strange face.

"I work here," Chichester informed him without emotion.

"Since when?"

"Since now, I suppose."

"Don't try to bull me," growled the guardian of the portal. "You can't get in here."

"Can't I? You keep out people who work here, hey? You're a bright man. You ought to get on good in this gate business. Some day, you'll get a nice red gate to watch, with iron grapes hanging on it."

It was Director Gilfillan who rescued Mr. Smith and convoyed him inside, and presently the new man ambled about the yard, his hands in his pockets, his ears sticking out and his nose agleam.

Working persons began to notice him. Actors inquired who he was and what he was doing or about to do, and eventually news reached President John O'Day.

"Who hired him?" he asked his secretary.

"Mr. Gilfillan."

"What for?"

"I don't know."

"Send for Gil."

THAT gentleman strolled defiantly into the executive offices and found not only the president, but the vice president, Mr. Grogan, and the studio manager, Mr. Ronald De Long. They had the murky bearing of persons who have been imposed upon.

"Who is this fellow Smith?" demanded O'Day without preliminaries.

"Relation of mine," answered Gil, unabashed.

"What is he doing here?"

"Working. I gave him a job."

"So it seems. And in view of the fact that I am paying his salary, might I be so bold as to inquire what his duties are?"

"No duties," Gil responded. "I may find something for him later on. He's willing enough and, furthermore, he's a poor relation."

"Mr. Gilfillan," said the studio manager in a deep, bass voice, feeling that he should say something strong, "you can't place your relations upon the studio pay roll at your own whim."

"Can't I? Well, that's exactly what I have done. Chichester Smith has had hard luck all his life. He's a second or third cousin of mine and his family needs the money. He's on the pay roll at a hundred dollars a week, because I put him there, and I'd like to see somebody take him off the pay roll without taking me off, too."

There then ensued one of the familiar studio brawls so common in Hollywood these days. O'Day maintained it was plain silly, if the man had nothing to do. Vice President Grogan spluttered ineffectually and the general manager, Mr. De Long, asked Gil in a sarcastic voice just who he thought he was.

"Go on, fire him," shouted the director. "I don't give a whoop what you do. Let him go. And when he goes, I go."

There the dispute seemed to come to an end. Mr. O'Day had not the slightest intention of letting Gilfillan go, with a ten-reel super-special three weeks away, a fact known perfectly well to the comedian-director.

Mr. Chichester Smith continued to hold his job and to saunter amiably about the studio, hands in pockets, his brow glistening with moisture and his countenance a source of steady annoyance to the actively employed. Extra people paused to stare at him insultingly. Mechanics made audible comment concerning the low caste of a person who would live upon the charity of a relation. But Chichester ignored the spoken word and the supercilious glance. Promptly at noon each Wednesday, he joined the moving line, worked his way slowly to the cashier's cage and collected his hundred dollars with no visible sign of shame.

His habits of life were mysterious, and he looked like a lazy, good-for-nothing man, far too ugly to appear in pictures, too somnolent to push scenery about. Nobody found out anything about him and Gil kept him on the pay roll simply because Gil was a favored director and directors must, on occasion, be humored. In the third week of his sinecure, overcome with the monotony of life, Chichester demanded a short vacation.

"Already?" asked Gil, in surprise.

"Yeah. I'm tired."

"When will you be back?"

"Oh, in a few days. Goin' fishin'."

"O. K.," said the director. And the vacation began.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Gilfillan had many other matters to trouble him. Slowly he built up his cast for the special, read the story of Abe Lincoln which he was supposed to manufacture into theater entertainment, rejected it and demanded a new and better one; got the new and better one, rejected that and started all over from the beginning.

Time galloped along and John O'Day glanced nervously at his calendar. Sets were rapidly erected and torn down at Gil's insistence and continuity persons pegged away at the script with the haggard calmness of desperation. Upon the appointed hour, Mr. Ralph Greenway strolled affably into the studio and announced he would be ready to take up the great work whenever they desired. He was introduced to Gilfillan, who had met and forgotten him.

"It will be my first job in this studio," murmured the actor who looked like Abraham Lincoln, a dash of hauteur in his bearing.

Gil stared at the new leading man in cold appraisal. He had heard some of the stories and was inclined to discredit them. It was Gil's theory that almost all stories about Hollywood people should be discredited.

Popular report had it that Ralph Greenway was a fire-eater and a hard man to handle for many reasons. He was unique because he seemed to resemble the Great Emancipator and he had employment only when some motion-picture factory set forth to make a photoplay either about Abe Lincoln, or the period in which he shone. At all other times Greenway was a free agent and, having plenty of leisure, he acquired habits that were open to criticism.

Once he accepted a job, he was sure of it for the life of the picture, for he could scarcely be discharged after the enterprise started. His whiskers saw to that. His whiskers made him what he was in the films, although he treated them with no great respect. And he had the name of being a wild-party specialist, a roistering rascal, a veritable cyclone, once he started down the primrose path.

"I do hope we get along, Mr. Gilfillan," he remarked.

"We will," Gil replied gently. "This is a great place for people to get along."

Now a motion-picture special costs plenty of money and that, mainly, is why it is a special. Ofttimes, it is the only reason. O'Day and Grogan looked over the proposed costs and shivered slightly, hoping the end would justify the means. Gilfillan proceeded serenely, and in spite of faulty scenario, weak story, misfitted leading lady, bad state of the weather and other discouraging items Honest Abe finally got under way and the cameras sang their song.

Gil, always a rapid worker, hurried his cast along and broke the studio record for scenes shot the first week, and to his delight there was not a sign of trouble. Everything clicked. Actors were on time and moved through their scenes smoothly. Gil felicitated himself.

MR. GREENWAY escorted his whiskers through the first week of Honest Abe and behaved like a gentleman, but on Sunday afternoon he bestowed his presence upon a lively house party and shook hands with a Hollywood butterfly, and, as he instantly observed, a very nice butterfly, of the type that demands changes.

"I don't like them whiskers," she announced coyly, poking at the fount of the Greenway fortunes.

"I don't either," he agreed amiably. "They're no good, except as make-up."

"You're such a handsome leading man," continued the butterfly, mixing herself a fresh shot of rat-bane from ingredients on the piano.

"You think so?"

"Yes, indeed; only what girl would be wanting to be going around in public with a man wearing such shrubbery?"

"Would you go to the Elite with me tonight?"

"Not us and the whiskers."

The result of the discourse was that Mr. Greenway begged his host to excuse him for a moment, and putting on another man's hat, he repaired to a tonsorial parlor. He was back in forty minutes, shaved to the skin, lovely with barber shop perfume, and the party roared into high gear and became a

"You," he shouted, pointing at the culprit. "You barroom bum. Relation or no relation, you can't attack

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Illustrated by R. V. Culter

people working in this studio, you hear?" "Yes, sir," said Chichester humbly

Saturday-night saturnalia in Hollywood, where the neighbors summon the police, people are pushed through windows and all is excitement.

On Monday morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Walter Wesley Gilfillan looked at his leading actor and, as Joe Sweeney used to say, he like to have died. Speaking for one minute, he used nothing but the worst words he had ever heard.

"But, Mr. Gilfillan," protested Greenway, when the sparks stopped, "I can put on a set of false whiskers in five minutes and match up perfectly."

"You can't do anything of the kind," clamored the angry director. "A false muff looks like a false muff anywhere. You ought to know that."

"I can match up so's you'll never know the difference," retorted the actor, whose eyes were red and whose Monday morning complexion had the faint pallor of an unborn elephant.

FEARING to trust himself to further speech, Gil hurried off and at ten o'clock began again at the beginning of Honest Abe, a week's work lost forever. One critical Hollywood butterfly had cost O'Day and Grogan much fine gold and mental agony. . . . Unhappily, Gil shot his scenes again, Mr. Greenway wearing his new false whiskers without distinction. False whiskers in front of a camera are like dyed eyebrows on an elderly beau, the illusion being incomplete.

"I told you this actor would give you a ride," said Shorty Hamp, thinking to encourage his boss, and Gil chased the little fat man off his set.

Another week crawled into the limbo of recorded time and Gilfillan plodded sullenly onward. Another Sunday arrived, day of rest to normal humans, day of delights for the festive Ralph Greenway and his merry men. On this Sabbath he elected to drive his speedster up and down the main stems of the town with great gusto. He wore a yellow sweater and white trousers. A purple scarf floated in the breeze behind him, and at times he roared up the drive to hop out at a friendly home and refresh the inner man.

At four o'clock he ran the end of his speedster into an unassuming truck loaded with two dozen trunks, all of which fell either upon him or the highway. The driver of the truck, a sad-eyed Negro youth, was quite blameless and sober, and when Mr. Greenway leaped from the ruins and attacked him, the colored lad put up a weak defense. A crowd gathered and alarmed strangers dragged the actor off the howling Ethiopian. Volunteers told the police what had happened and Mr. Greenway was taken to the lock-up, where he spent a mournful evening.

Next day's papers picked out some excellent spots on page one for the incident, seeming to find amusement in the spectacle of a man pretending to be Abraham Lincoln for a film company, and at the same time being arrested for trying to slay an innocent Negro. The papers added that Mr. Greenway was obviously not himself, which in Hollywood means inability to move two fingers. The headlines were bold and black and cast a sneer at Art. . . . John O'Day moaned piteously. . . . Mr. Gilfillan's square jaw set into firmer lines.

With the entire studio twittering about it, waving morning newspapers and telling each other it was rather humorous, at that, for Abraham Lincoln to spend his Sundays beating colored citizens into the earth, nobody noticed that Mr. Chichester Smith had come back from his fishing trip. Completely refreshed by his vacation, the carp-mouthed one appeared and walked slowly to and fro. He was perspiring freely as usual, and his ears seemed to protrude farther than ever. Nobody greeted him. Nobody gave him a friendly glance, and when Mr. Ralph Greenway finally arrived, one hour late for work, Mr. Smith was still pacing contemplatively to and fro upon the platform leading to Stage One.

Mr. Greenway lingered at the mail box to run through the G's for letters from his adoring public, and sight of the tall actor seemed faintly to interest Chichester. He leaned upon the platform rail, chewed upon a cud of gum, and presently shuffled down the steps and across the areaway. The actor, released from durance vile by the personal activities of John O'Day, turned to go about his work, but a gleaming nose was in his path. In a nasty mood, Greenway scowled.

"You—ah—you-ah Mr. Greenaway, ain't you?" Chichester Smith inquired.

"I am," curtly.

"My name's Smith," continued the strange fellow. "Chichester Smith—I'm workin' in this studio, too. I'd like to talk to you a little."

"Well, well," muttered Greenway impatiently. "Hurry up. . . . Have it over with."

"It's like this, Mr. Greenaway," said Chichester apologetically.

"My name is Greenway."

"Mister Greenway. I was born in a little country town and I didn't get much education, and what little I did get, us children picked up from Miss Baggy. I don't suppose you ever heard tell of her. Miss Baggy was the teacher and she was a nice teacher. It was one of those little country schools all painted red and white, with a stoop and a bell and a lot of trees in front. The window was mostly out."

Greenway stared in amazement.

"What are you telling me all this drivel for?" he asked.

"JUST a minute, Mr. Greenaway. . . . Us boys and girls were brought up simple, and there wasn't much learned us, but what there was learned us, we learned right. Miss Baggy always told us to be patriotic and love our country and I guess all us boys and girls love our country, even yet, today. I never forgot that. That's right in me.

"Miss Baggy told us all about Abraham Lincoln and what a good man he was, in fact what a great man he was; so naturally I feel a good deal of respect and what you might call reverence for Abraham Lincoln, because to my way of lookin' at it Abe Lincoln was certainly a noble man, probably the noblest man ever lived.

"It hurts me a good deal, Mr. Greenaway because you do things like you done yesterday, sort of draggin' a noble name in the mud and makin' people ridicule a good man. I wish you wouldn't do it any more."

"Get out of my way, you maundering fool," shouted Greenway, losing his temper completely, but Chichester did not move; at least he did not move his feet. He moved one of his long, flail-like arms.

It was the right arm that Chichester moved and he lowered it towards the ground gently and without haste. It came forward rapidly, with Chichester's knobby fist on the end of it. The blow struck the detractor of Abe Lincoln on the side of the face and knocked him flat, for it was not a movie punch. As he staggered backward, he crashed into the office wall, struck his head, fell to the asphalt and lay prone for an instant, gathering his wits. Bellowing with rage, he sprang up and flew upon the calm Mr. Smith, but his attack was like a roll of summer butter tearing into an electric fan. Chichester's arms were lightning-like and so moved.

Twice more he jolted the bad actor, landing each time upon the Greenway jaw, and when the victim fell the second time, he remained motionless upon the ground, his mouth open and his eyes shut.

WHEN he revived thoroughly, his wounds were treated, his whiskers were adjusted and he presently moved out to Stage Four and became Abraham Lincoln for the uneasy magic lantern. News of the outrage reached Director Gilfillan, who immediately stopped all production, sent for General Manager De Long, sent for President John O'Day, and, lastly, sent for Mr. Chichester Smith. The war conference took place on Stage Four, amid Gil's set, with the lights glaring and Mr. Greenway holding his jaw. . . . Gil was plainly in a temper. Chichester slunk into the radiance from behind a cloth wall and Gilfillan fell upon him.

"You," he shouted, pointing at the culprit. "You barroom bum. Relation or no relation, you can't attack people working in this studio, you hear?"

"Yes, sir," said Chichester humbly.

"What's got into you?"

"Well," said Mr. Smith, and he explained lamely.

"If you ever again raise your hand against an employee of this studio, you'll spend six months in jail. Now get out."

"Yes, sir," replied the saddened Chichester and he faded into the outer dusk.

Honest Abe plugged along serenely and as the picture grew everyone in the studio said it had the ear-marks of a whooper. Mr. Ralph Greenway conducted himself with decorum and Gilfillan began to think he had wronged the fellow, any man being apt to have an occasional slip. Then the second lapse occurred. As usual, it took place on Sunday, the day of repose.

Mr. Greenway, at a little home party, objected to the loud language of a husband named Hustwick, who had been trying in vain to talk with his own wife for a solid hour. The party was in progress at Mr. Greenway's pretty bungalow in the hills, and it was the sort of party where husbands are supposed to avoid annoying their wives with conversation. The Hustwick wife desired to speak with others, and so stated to her husband, following the verbal communication with a German stein, which missed Hustwick, but not the window.

At this point the host stepped into the fracas and tried to eject Husband Hustwick. Friends of the latter sided with him and instead it was Actor Greenway who was cast out. He landed in a flower-bed, his legs elevated. Being now fighting mad, he wiped pansies from his ears, sprang into his motor car and dashed to the nearest police station, where he demanded protection.

"Whadda ya want?" asked the sergeant, who had been dealing with movie actors for years and years.

"Ruffians up at my house destroying life and limb," shouted Mr. Greenway. "I demand police assistance."

"Whadda ya want us to do?"

"Arrest them all," cried Abraham Lincoln's double, pounding violently upon the sergeant's desk.

The officer stared unsympathetically at the actor.

"Go home and go to bed," he advised, and at this juncture Mr. Greenway became furious anew and transferred his rancor from (*Continued on page 30*)

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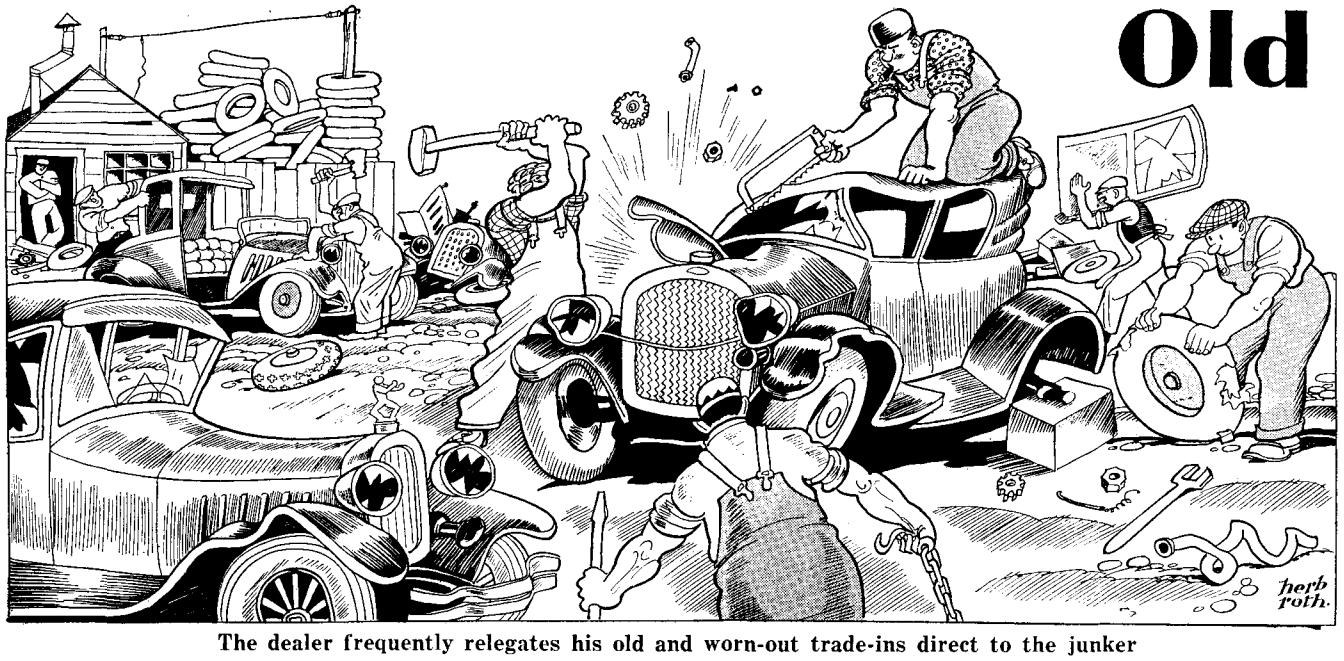
Old Cars for



The dealer frequently relegates his old and worn-out trade-ins direct to the junker

Is the Used Car a Bargain?

Let's consider a new motor car and assume that it should be good for from three to four years of satisfactory service at the very least.

Divide the cost of that new car by four or the number of years you keep it and you have your annual investment—exclusive of all operating costs, of course. When you consider what you get out of a car, it's cheap enough. But wait.

If that car is traded back to the dealer after a year, you may buy it for 60 or 70 per cent of its original cost. Now, provided you have made your purchase from a reputable dealer who is too wise in business to defraud you, what have you bought? Easy!

You have bought 75 per cent of that car's life for from 60 or 70 per cent of its original cost. Is that a bargain?

No, no. This isn't an advertisement. It is merely a bit of free but valuable information for used-car buyers presented in detail in this article.

WE HAVE long since passed the time when it was highly desirable to own a motor car. We have gone by that period when, socially, it became quite necessary to possess an automobile. We have arrived at the day when it is almost impossible to avoid owning one.

You can get into long and acid debates regarding the number of motor cars owned by the people of the United States. You can consult tables which assure you that we are the owners of 24 millions of cars and you can view other statistical arrangements which fetch that figure down to 19 millions. Not that the precise number is at all important here.

But nothing is calculated to impress you more than the assurances of the motor-car manufacturers that just about three fifths of all the cars rumbling and roaring up and down America's highways are what the industry calls used cars.

A used car is a car which has been owned by someone else. It may have come down through two, three or four owners. It may be a fog-belching traffic congester—a truant from the junk heap—or it may represent one of a lifetime's glorious bargains. That all depends upon what you paid for it, what you expect of it and what you get out of it. There are many prosperous business men who have owned cars for years—each year a different one—and who have never bought a new car. The president of one of the most famous motor-car corporations told me of a banker who annually buys two used cars which, new, cost not less than $5,000 each. He gets them for $3,500 each. He jeers at his numerous acquaintances who pay more. Incidentally he got rich by getting the ultimate out of dollars.

But we shall come to his reasoning in the course of this article. The point here raised is that if you can't be happy without a car and can't afford a new one

Look twice at the man who "gives" you his car before going to Europe

you are not doing your best by yourself if you don't at least investigate the used-car market. Not that you are sure to win. But the opportunities for getting your money's worth are numerous. Your first concern should be the reliability of the hunting ground.

There are several hundred things which may be wrong with a used motor car. Therefore it is not precisely possible to set down arbitrary rules governing the purchase of one. Yet there are fundamentals.

Buy from a dealer who is responsible to a factory which is jealous of its reputation. Or buy from a dealer who enjoys an excellent reputation of his own.

Don't take unnecessary chances. Don't, for example, think you are going to get the best of it by buying the car of the stranger who advertises that he is going to Europe and must sell his magnificent limousine at a heart-rending sacrifice. You are just begging for a beating—even if you don't get it. Don't believe the speedometer of that magnificent limousine. It can have been fixed for sale purposes in twenty minutes.

You wouldn't buy a house without having an expert's advice on titles and so on, would you? Why not, then, pay a good mechanic five or ten dollars to look over the used car you would buy?

Don't buy pretty paint. Buy a sound engine. Don't be dazzled by fresh upholstery. Buy a frame which hasn't been knocked out of alignment.

Look at the horns on the front ends of the long steel side members of the car's frame. If they've been smashed, or one of them has been, beware. That car has been in a collision and the whole understructure of the automobile may be out of alignment.

Take a firm grip on the top of one of the front wheels and work it vigorously in and out. If there is much play, beware of worn axles.

Run the car in reverse and slow it down. Then listen for clicks from the rear end. Avoid cars which growl and chatter behind your back.

Watch for Piston Slap

Start the engine. Then plunge the accelerator down all the way. The engine will race. Then, as suddenly, release the accelerator. As you do this place the palm of your hand on the top of the gear-shift rod. If the rod vibrates or wabbles freely, beware. You are feeling piston slap—these cylinders are too large. You'll hear a warning chatter too.

But better to take a good mechanic with you. He can tell you of possible trouble in the universal. He can detect it with his ears. He'll know whether the timer is doing a dependable job.

If the dealer isn't cordial to your mechanic, go to another dealer.

Which fetches us back to our original and most comprehensive bit of advice to the prospective buyer of the used car: Know first your dealer: then look at his stock.

There are, today, in the United States, about 53,000 motor-car retailers. Today the ability of the automobile dealer to make a success of his business depends upon his sagacity in accepting and disposing of used cars. While the figures one obtains in the offices of various motor-car manufacturers vary (although not to a startling degree) it is safe enough and fair enough to say that for every new car these dealers sell they must dispose of two used ones.

Important Considerations

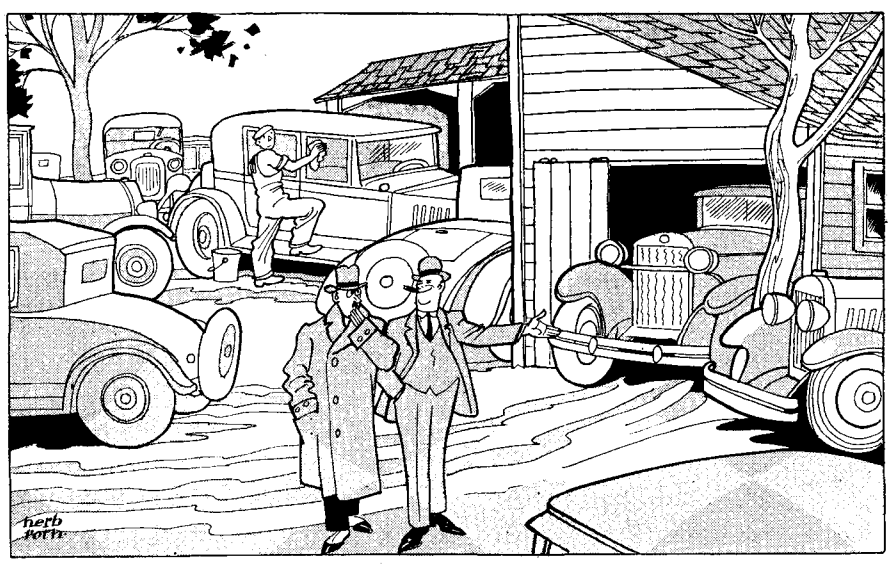
On the face of things, it would appear to that overwhelming majority of us who know nothing about the industry until we have visited a dozen of the manufacturers and have listened to them hours on end, that the automobile owner turns in only one old car in part payment for his new car and that, therefore, the acceptor of that old car has only to dispose of one old or used car. Unhappily for the dealer, that isn't so. There is the re-trade or trade-down to be considered.

For example, in the remarkable pilgrimage that I made through the offices of motor-car manufacturers, I came upon the recorded experiences of such as Mr. Hiram Singleton.

Mr. Singleton was in the business of selling an automobile which retails at the impressive sum of $4,000. He sold one to a gentleman who traded in a car which had cost him, a year gone, $3,500. Dispensing of this still very serviceable conveyance, Mr. Singleton took in trade a car which had cost its owner $2,100. After some dickering Mr. Singleton got rid of this car for a sum of money plus a car which had cost $1,100.

Twice thereafter Mr. Singleton rid himself of trade-ins until, lo and behold, he held a ten-dollar bill and a dying motorcycle. Once more he entered the bartering arena. He came to a halt possessed of a relic of a sleigh and a set of harnesses. To say nothing of a resultant net loss on the original transaction.

That Mr. Singleton may not be lonely here we cite for his companionship another dealer, Mr. Wardner, who, like Mr. Singleton, entered the dizzy chute



The distributor has keen competition in the specialist who sells only used cars from open-air salesrooms, otherwise "lemon-orchards"

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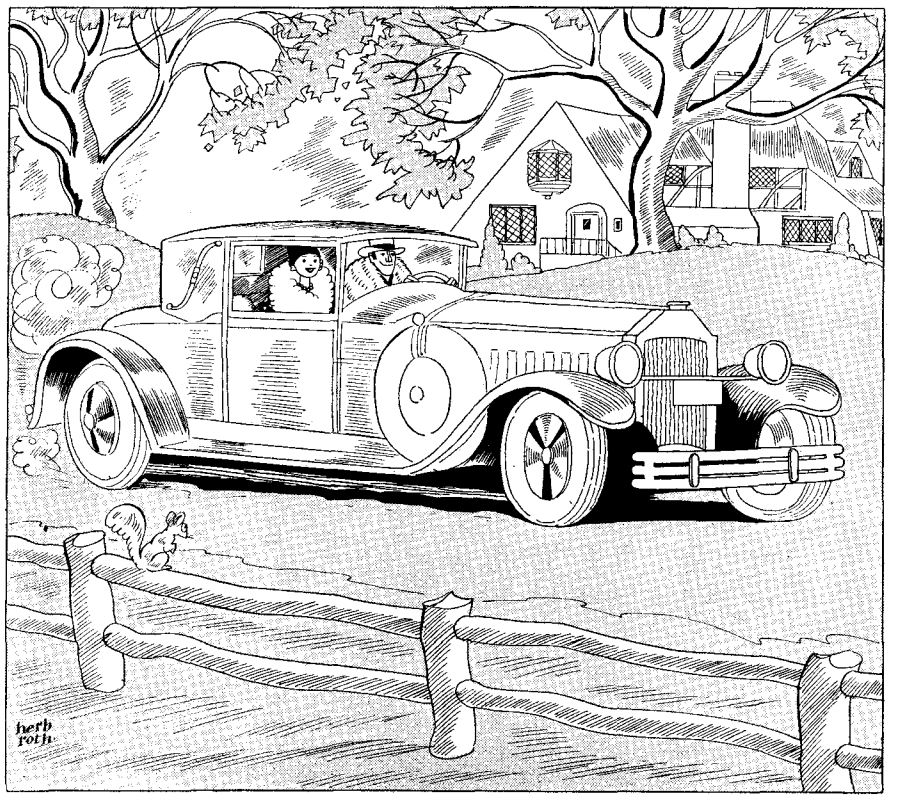
New By Walter Davenport



Depreciation makes your first ride in the new car exceedingly expensive

of trade-ins and emerged with one case of gin and a bull pup, neither of which, as far as the records record, did him a great deal of good.

So you see where those two used cars for one new car comes from.

Immediately adjacent to the sales sections of every motor-car manufactory you will find large offices occupied by statisticians and economists who, armed with slide rules and mathematical charts, are forever chasing that ultimate figure which represents the number of automobiles that their employers should manufacture for the coming season that they might keep abreast the steady growth of the world and its power to buy.

Scattered throughout the country are the distributors of these automobiles and beyond the distributors lie the dealers.

Presently these economists arrive at what they believe to be production figures. These figures are then apportioned. New York will take so many cars, St. Louis will take so many cars. Los Angeles will take so many cars. And so on.

So much for that. We may safely assume that the cars are duly manufactured.

If the used-car dealer scowls at your mechanic go elsewhere

Now we move on to the offices of Mr. Keeney, a dealer. We have nimbly leaped over the head of the distributor whose business it is to distribute the cars to the dealers within his district, which may be one city or two or three states.

It is from Mr. Keeney that you buy your automobile and as his problem is the father of your problem (still assuming that you are a potential purchaser of a used car) it is to him that we address ourselves.

Well in advance of the approaching season, Mr. Keeney is told (via his district's distributor) how many cars he will be expected to sell.

All that he has to worry about is the size of the income which will accrue to him, net, as recompense for his earnest and unceasing zeal. We may take it in consequence of our many interviews with automobile oracles that it is entirely possible for Mr. Keeney's net personal gain from every car sold from his premises to be five per cent of the retail price of the car.

His road to happiness and affluence would be wide, bright and straight if for every car he sold at $1,000, $50 popped into his pocket to be spent or saved as he saw fit. But nothing in life is so sweet as that. Ask Mr. Keeney.

Into Mr. Keeney's salesroom comes the customer fetching with him a perfectly good car, capable of carrying him and his family along for from 20,000 to 30,000 miles more. It has developed a few bird chirps which tightening and lubrication will silence. It lacks some of the new accessories and improvements which the new models possess. But it is still a good car and its owner is quite aware of it. Pleased, too. And why not? Considering the money he paid for that car in terms of pleasure, health and gainful transportation, it represents one of the most satisfactory investments he has ever made. And it would be wholly unfair to omit stating that this happy return from invested money follows car ownership generally. All things considered, you get more for your motor-car dollar than for almost any other dollar you part with.

The Dealer's Viewpoint

So this visitor to Mr. Keeney's salesrooms says he will buy a new car if Mr. Keeney will allow him $700.

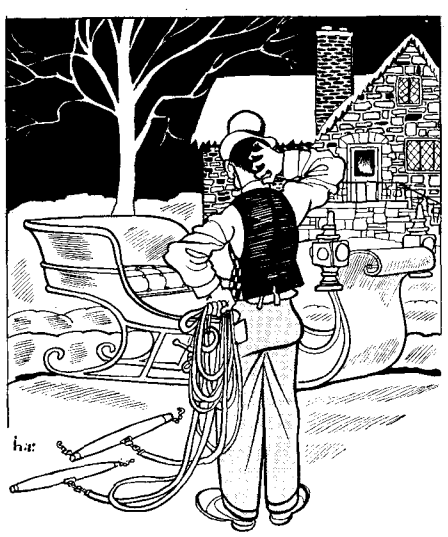
Now Mr. Keeney has had much experience in the motor-car business. He knows, or should know, about how much that year-old car is worth. Not worth to the owner, but to him—Claude Keeney. His evaluation of that used car is based upon what he thinks he can sell it for, because sell it he must. He can't pay his rent and can't buy next year's allotment of cars with trade-ins.

Moreover, to guide him in his allowances on trade-ins, Mr. Keeney has several books from the factory—books of clever arithmetic skillfully compiled by well-paid economists and adding-machine gentlemen.

Mr. Keeney knows, therefore, that if he gives the owner of that still quite serviceable car more than 40 per cent of the price of a new car, he is simply begging for trouble and that trouble may very well take the form of a financial loss. In fact those clever young men back at the factory have warned him that if more than one third of his gross financial transactions in the disposal of his new car quota is represented by trade-in cars, he is seriously menacing that 5 per cent profit which should be his to pocket. You can afford to be courteous on a 5 per cent margin, but not generous.

Mr. Keeney's potential customer is not only shocked but indignant. Four hundred dollars for this fine car which has traveled only 10,000 miles? And practically a new car?

Of course the car is not so new as all that. Mr. Keeney, again taking recourse to the mathematical magic evolved for him by those clever young fellows back in the factory, takes note that the customer's car's speedometer dial confesses to a total mileage of 10,000. He divides this by 700, which has nothing to do with the price demanded by the owner but is a key number forged for him by the statisticians, and he is thereby informed that the car is about 14 months old.



An ancient sleigh was the ultimate result of one dealer's re-trades

Depreciation the First Item

Mind you, I'm not saying that this indignant owner's car isn't a good buy. Neither does Mr. Keeney. But Mr. Keeney is buying (if he does buy) to sell again and he must sell quickly or see his dearly beloved 5 per cent ravished and perhaps swallowed by depreciation. He can't afford to have used cars hanging around no matter how good they are.

But he has in mind certain statistics which you and I have come upon too in our interviews with a dozen manufacturers. For example, a new car is a used car the moment its purchaser takes his seat at the wheel and steps on the gas.

The moment you take possession of the new car for which you have, but five minutes since, paid $2,000, you are the possessor of just about $1,500 worth of automobile. If you don't believe it try to sell it back to your dealer. Of course he may know someone who is willing to take it for $1,800 and assist you in getting rid of your nice new used car in that manner, but for Mr. Keeney's purposes and in the estimation of the distributor and the manufacturer, that car has instantly and automatically become a used car. And while it is, obviously, a more attractive buy than a year-old car, the horrid fact isn't altered.

The dealer knows, too, that as far as he is concerned (and he is more concerned with selling cars than buying them) the depreciation of your car the first year is 40 per cent and that a car two years old is worth (to him) only two thirds of what it was worth at the end of the first year. In actual value to the owner this car may be as good as new. It may easily be a bargain at 20 per cent less than its original cost. But not to the dealer.

At least the dealer should know these things. They are factory facts which are forever being thrust upon him by manufacturers who have come to realize that, after all, the dealers' troubles are their troubles; that a harassed dealer is a poor representative; that used cars must be moved to make room for new cars.

The used-car industry demands even cleverer merchandising than is required in the selling of new. And neither you nor I realize more keenly than the manufacturer that this requisite cleverness may not include that quality of "sharpness" which is frequently not distinguishable from trickery. I talked to manufacturers who are so jealous of the reputation of their product that they have warned dealers that any proved fraud on their part in the sale of any used car, of whatever make, will be considered sufficient reason for the dismissal of the dealer and the transfer of the agency to more scrupulous merchants.

A Partial Solution

At least one manufacturer of a high-priced automobile is giving his dealers the additional help of propaganda urging the new-car purchasers to drive their automobiles for five years—that is, these high-priced automobiles. The effect of the acceptance of such advice would, clearly, be to clear the used-car floors.

But there are many more economic complications to the business scheme of the manufacturers of medium and low-priced cars—cars which are built in vastly greater numbers. The dealers in medium-priced and low-priced cars may not recondition their trade-in cars before selling them again. The possible price obtainable for a used car in these classes does not warrant the dealer in spending more upon them than the take-in allowance. There are too many new cars available at the price he must get for his used stock.

Yet such cars can be excellent buys, represent gratifying values. Here the buyer must look hard to the reputation of the dealer who, if he is a good business man and therefore honest, will sell a car "as is," specifying to the purchaser that such is the understanding, and carefully consider the requirements of the purchaser before recommending any of his used cars.

When you get below the $2,000 class of motor cars you are in thickly populated territory. Many excellent cars may be bought new at a wide variety of prices down to $400 and the dealer seeking a market for used cars which will sell at from (*Continued on page 42*)

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"You make dis pie, gal? . . . Well," he announced, "dat settles ev'ything right hyar and now. Us gonter git married up. Me and you"

The Gree Gree Girl

By Roark Bradford

Illustrated by Harry Burne

Albert had the chicken feathers, and they were mighty lucky feathers, whereas Selma's only charm against trouble was a butcher knife

SOME folks say a cross-eyed woman is good luck and some say she is bad luck. Lillian, who was influenced by personal jealousy rather than by conviction, told Albert that a cross-eyed woman could even "gree gree" or cast a spell over people. Albert, who had always managed to get plenty of food and considerable rest because of three black chicken feathers which he wore on a string about his neck, always had thought a cross-eyed woman was impotent.

"Jest like a buzzard," he said. "Not good luck, nor neither bad luck. Cross eyes don't mean nothin'."

He wasn't saying that in an argumentative way. He wasn't positive about it. In fact, he was positive of but two things: He liked to eat plenty of food, and he liked to rest. Aside from food and rest, his interests were narrow. People interested him only mildly, and the future not at all.

Of course a boy had to use his brains when he came to Bellwood Landing after eleven months and twenty-nine days on the prison farm. It was early July when he came, and he went straight to the Boss Man and asked for a job of work.

"Crops laid by," the Boss Man declared, "and cotton picking won't start for a month or more yet."

Albert rubbed his chicken feathers with one hand and opened the other in full view of the Boss Man. "But, Cap'm, I'm a hard-workin' man," he insisted. "Look at de ole cawns in dem hands. Look at dat big ole stout arm."

THE Boss Man looked. Unquestionably Albert was a hard worker and a strong man. Before the first of September, men like him would be at a high premium.

"Got any money to live on until fall?"

"Jest got a ole thin dime," Albert said. "Dat's all."

"Well," said the Boss Man, "I'll credit you for rations at the commissary until cotton picking starts. You can find a place to sleep in the quarters, somewhere, and when cotton opens, I'll give you a good job."

"Yas, suh," agreed Albert. Then partly to impress the Boss Man further but mainly to assure himself, he asked: "But you ain't got no workin' jobs right now, is you?"

"Nothing steady," admitted the Boss Man. "There always is a little ditching or fence fixing to be done. Some of the men like to pick up a little extra money that way. When you get settled, come back and I'll find something for you to do." He then wrote an order on the commissary for credit for rations, and directed Albert to the tenant houses. "You'll find everybody asleep, probably," he said. "Or gone fishing, or at some church to-do. Just look around. You'll find them somewhere."

Albert walked away feeling good. He was hungry of course. And tired. Prison fare is wholesome, but nothing to excite a boy with an appetite. And work is so regular! Well, the old chicken feathers had gotten in their stuff. Credit for rations until work started assured him food, and the intervening five or six weeks assured him rest. He had absolutely no intention of hunting up any of the odd jobs the Boss Man referred to. He was just going to eat and rest until cotton picking started. After that—well, that was the future.

THERE was, however, one factor that he had not considered—a small, ugly little factor named Selma. He met her at a church benefit-social the very same day he arrived at Bellwood.

There was nothing mysteriously potent about Selma except that she was slightly cross-eyed. She was well past thirty years of age and her life had been a hard, disappointing one. She was small and rusty black and slow of wit. She had jaybird heels and the reputation for a sharp tongue. Because the men all passed her by for the better looking women, she always was at war with whoever happened to be the most popular girl of the unmarried set. And that, just now, was Lillian.

On the other hand, Selma was a good cook. It may have been because of the laws of compensation, or it may have been merely because she had plenty of time to practice while the other unmarried women were exercising their social graces, but whatever it was, Selma always occupied a prominent place on the cooking committees at the church socials.

"Selma, you's on de pie committee," the Reverend Ezekiel Dunn announced when he was arranging his slate for Old Enon's benefit for its pastor.

"Me and who else?" Selma demanded. "Cause ef'n hit's dat fat-mouf Lillian—"

"You's enough on any pie committee by yo'self," declared the preacher. "Ev'ybody in favor of Selma bein' de whole pie committee, holler." And she was elected unanimously.

The social-benefit was going along splendidly under the chinaberry trees in front of the church when Albert wandered there. Everybody was in a good humor. A barrel of lemonade; long tables of sandwiches, cakes and pies; men and women; children and dogs playing and fighting; committee members with long ribbon badges announcing their offices. And through it all strutted the Reverend Ezekiel, important, condescending, and just a trifle too dignified to be ridiculous.

Albert sauntered through the crowd, eying the food tables longingly and fingering the lonesome dime in his pocket. Then all at once he saw Selma's high stack of berry pies. He stopped, opened his mouth meditatively and moistened his lips with a quick roll of his tongue. He wanted pie. In fact he couldn't think of anything in the world he wanted as much as he did pie. He could hardly restrain himself from grabbing a whole handful and cramming them into his mouth. But he did; there was a woman behind the table to sell the pies and he knew it.

"How much is yo' pies, lady?" he asked politely.

"Dime a slice." Selma's sharp tones were softened by the tantalizing odors of rich berries in crisp pastry.

Albert handed her the dime and received a generous triangle that fairly dripped juicy berries. He closed his eyes and buried his teeth in it. It simply was too good to be true.

"You make dis pie, gal?" he asked as soon as his mouth was clear enough to talk.

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"He don't love me, don't he," Selma screamed as the knife swung perilously. "You gonter take him from me, is you?"

"Yep," admitted Selma, without enthusiasm.

He took a second bite to see if it really was pie or merely a dream. It was pie.

"You married, ain't you?" He couldn't see Selma for looking at the big stack of pies. Already the piece he had purchased was nearly gone and his appetite was just getting whetted.

"Nawp," Selma's answer was matter-of-fact and carried a sharp bitterness with it, but the sound waves, reverberating over the delicious pies in front of her, softened them into a kittenish phrase of encouragement before they reached Albert's ears.

"Well," he announced, "dat settles ev'ything, right hyar and now. Us gonter git married up. Me and you."

Selma was too surprised to say anything. Twice she started to order him away, and twice she thought better of it. Once, she decided to remind him that he had not paid for the second piece of pie, but he was well on the way through his third piece before she could decide upon what to say, and she abandoned the idea. After all, it was something to have a big man like that making a fuss over her after all these years of social isolation, even if he did eat up her pies. She wanted to giggle and act kittenish, but she did not know exactly how to begin.

BY THE time he had finished his fourth piece Albert felt full proprietorship over Selma and her pies. "Come on, fo'ks," he roared. "Come on and buy some er us's pies. He'p yo'se'f and he'p de preacher at one lick!" He picked up one of the pies and held it aloft. "Look at de berries and stuff dribblin' out'n dat pie?" he shouted. "Ought to cost a dollar but don't cost but a dime! Champeen pies by the champeen pie maker!"

The sudden and totally unexpected outburst attracted attention. Everybody swarmed around to see what was happening at the pie booth of the ugly little woman.

They saw. Albert, in his enthusiasm, had put one arm around the astounded, delighted Selma, smeared her face and his with berries, and, spurred on by the delicious taste in his mouth and by being the center of attraction, he was rocking back and forth with her, calling his wares in a noisy chant:

"Ought to charge a dollar; don't charge but a dime!

"Ain't nobody got no berry pie sweet like mine!

"Yes, I got berry pie! Berry pie!"

Selma stood by grinning and rocking, the first time in her life that she had been so close to the center of attraction; "Us gonter git married up, too," she explained. "I and him. Us gonter git married up, ain't us, ole Big Thing?"

The preacher, suddenly finding himself no longer in the limelight, elbowed his way through the crowd that surrounded Albert and Selma.

"What dis?" he demanded. "Standin' up hyar, holl'in' and huggin' dat woman, right hyar at de church! Dis ain't no shin-dig; dis is a church social!"

Albert was having too much fun for the moment to notice the preacher.

"Better buy some pie; got a little bit left!

"Ef'n you don't buy 'em, gonter eat 'em myse'f!

"Yes, I got berry pie!"

"Hysh up dat racket," ordered the preacher.

"Dat's awright, Revund," explained Selma. "I and him gonter git married up."

"Gonter which?" demanded the astounded preacher.

"Gonter git married up," repeated Selma. "Ain't us, old Pie-Eatin' Man?"

ALBERT heard but he was only conscious of the fact that the preacher was talking to Selma. Probably about pie. And his pie-eating, pie-selling orgy was too far advanced to be interrupted now.

"Come on, Revund, gimme a dime for a slice er pie," he urged.

The preacher was outraged. He looked from Selma to Albert and then back again. There was no doubt that Albert had his arm around the woman, and she wasn't protesting in the least. It was no way for unmarried people to act at a church social—

"Only costs a dime, Revund," pressed Albert. "Ought to charge a dollar but—"

Even if they were engaged to be married they had no business carrying on like that at a church to-do. It would be all right if they were married, maybe—

"Lock hands," commanded the minister.

The crowd was enjoying the contest between morals and enthusiasm. "Make 'em marry!" shouted some. "Give him a dime!" shouted others. "Give 'em a dime and den marry 'em up," offered still others, by way of compromise. Finally, the Reverend Ezekiel's sense of humor began working and he surrendered. He fished in his pocket and pulled out a dime.

"Now, gimme some pie, son, and lock hands," he grinned. "Anybody which kin sell me some pie at my own benefit kin git married free of charge by me. Now, Selma, you make him shet his mouf while I does de ceremony over y'all— What's yo' name?"

"What's yo' name, Big Man?" Selma repeated to Albert. And it was upon the crest of this high wave of enthusiasm that Albert drifted squarely into matrimony. A boy was dispatched to the commissary for a "pair of licenses," which amounted to the duplicate of a formal notice to the bookkeeper that thereafter the ration accounts of the man and woman would be carried jointly in the man's name, and the ceremony was performed.

The marriage had been a spur-of-the-moment incident in Albert's life, but for the long-neglected Selma it was a thing to be cherished and nurtured. As soon as they got home she dispatched him to the commissary to draw a long list of groceries.

"Cause I aims to feed you, Big Man," she grinned. "I ain't never had no time for de men fo'ks, but I always said did I ever git married up wid a man, well, I'm gonter stay married wid him."

Albert grinned. "Mamma, you don't say many words," he declared, "but Lawd, Lawd, how you make 'em sound! Cause ef'n hit's anything which'll make me love a woman, well, hit's when she feeds me."

"And ef'n hit's anything I loves to do," countered Selma, "well, hit's to feed my great big ole pie-eatin' husband!"

FOR three whole days Albert fairly gorged himself upon the rich delicacies Selma prepared for him. But even a hungry man, starved for eleven months and twenty-nine days on coarse prison fare, will get enough to eat after a while. On the third day he went to the commissary again for more rations, and he met Lillian.

Lillian was easily the best looking woman on the place and she knew it. She was popular with the men, and men —married or single, just so long as they were handsome—were game in open season for her. And for Selma to have married a big man like Albert before she even had a chance at him was something that she could not reconcile herself to.

"Hello, Big'n," she greeted.

"Hy-dy, Purty Stuff," responded Albert politely.

"How you and dat ugly-face ole Selma gittin' 'long?"

Albert grinned. "She kind er ugly," he admitted, "but Lawd, how dat gal kin cook!"

A few more days of heavy eating and resting and looking at Selma's face, and he met Lillian again.

"How you and dat good-cookin' little ole pop-eyed Selma gittin' 'long, now?" she asked.

Rest and food (*Continued on page 38*)

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Mr. Mings showed his fine hat. "Look at it, ma'm," he growled, "and there be fools as says black cats is lucky!"

Cat Luck

By Jeffery Farnol

A Short Short Story

JOHN PENTREATH sat in his great sea-boots, stroking the cat with large, brown hand; and John was like his hand—big and strong and gentle, albeit there were times when that same hand could become a fist, quick in action and terrible.

"Black cats be main lucky, Deborah!" said he, stealing a glance at his comely wife, who sat beside him on the huge, high-backed settle, busied with her needle. "Ay, lass, main lucky be black cats!" he repeated.

Deborah looked at her man beneath level, black brows.

"Jan," said she, a catch in her smooth, soft voice, but holding his glance with hers, "when a sailorman talks o' luck there be somewhat i' the wind, so—what du ee mean, Jan?"

"Nay, now," he answered, shaking his curly head, "I mean no more'n what I says, lass—a black cat be lucky and this Tib o' yourn be black as . . . as a night wi' no moon or blink o' star."

"And there be no moon—tonight. Jan . . . oh, Jan!" she whispered, "I du believe ee be turning to 'the trade' again—"

"'The trade?'" repeated John. "Who—me, lass?" And he opened his blue eyes in stare of such wide innocence that her fears were instantly confirmed.

"Jan," she questioned in the same hushed tone, "where be your lugger, where be the Saucy Lass?"

"Why, she should be layin' in the Cove, for sure."

"Ay, I know she should, but she bean't!" said Deborah, her dark eyes quick with anxiety. "Where is she to, Jan?"

John slipped a long arm about his wife's trim waist and spoke:

"Nay, now, Deborah, why take on—?"

"Where be your lugger, Jan? Oh, my dear, I du believe ee be goin' to make another 'run' . . . and after all your promises! And the Preventives so watchful and suspicious of ee! Oh, Jan, be ee agoin' out again? Tell me the truth, lad."

"Well, then . . . oh, ay I du be agoin', lass, for one more venter . . . just one . . . the last, the very last—"

"Oh, Jan, and ee promised—"

"Belay, Deborah lass, an' lemme tell ee," said John, troubled by her reproachful eyes, the nervous tremor of her clasping arms. "Y'see it be like this—it du so 'appen as Israel Trevanion's boat went aground t'other night an' got bilged, can't be seaworthy for a week—so tonight, him being with a cargo to run, I—"

"Be ee goin' in his place, Jan?"

"Why, no, lass, no—Israel be comin' along wi' me aboard my lugger. Ye know as Israel an' me be old shipmates, Debby, an' I couldn't refuse him spite o' the promise I made ee, dear lass—"

"But . . . Oh, Jan, if they took an' 'prison ee—"

"Never fear, Debby."

"BUT there be that Tom Mings as be just made an officer o' the Preventives, he be forever comin' an' goin' hereabouts."

"Ay, dang him! You be a rare handsome creeter, Deborah—"

"Nay, don't be fullish, Jan! 'Tis because he suspicions ee, 'tis this brings him here. . . . So, Jan dear, doan't ee go tonight, doan't ee go, Jan, for my sake—"

"I be pledged, lass. Sweetheart, I be expected and go I must! Just once more, just this last run and never again, dear lass, never again!"

"But, Jan, if there be danger . . . supposing that Tom Mings should come—?"

"Why then, sweet lass, if ee think there be any danger lift the curtain at the lattice yonder and I'll know."

"MRS. PENTREATH, a fair good evenin', ma'm! Wot, all alone? Why, where be your John, then?"

"Why, Mr. Mings, Jan be over to Marazion."

"Oh, Mrs. Pentreath? Indeed, ma'm? Which then 'ee can't nowise be along o' that smugglin' raskell Israel Trevanion as be runnin' a cargo somewheres hereabouts tonight. Hows'ever, ma'm, me and my man Jarge 'ere—off wi' your castor to the lady, Jarge—me and Jarge, ma'm, will bide 'ere a while an' keep you company."

So saying, Mr. Mings, officer in the Preventive Service, resplendent in his new uniform, placed his fine new, gold-laced hat between the lighted lamp and china bowl of flowers upon the small solid table that stood in the recess before the curtained window and seated himself between Deborah and the window while Deborah went on sewing, her mind busy as her needle, seeking how she might reach and lift that veiling curtain if only for one little moment . . .

It was at this moment that Tib, the big black cat, yawned, stretched, rose and, crossing the room sedately, tail in air, leapt upon the officer's knee, expectant of caresses; but Mings, ever mindful of his new uniform, promptly rid himself of the animal, which stared up at him with wide, topaz eyes, and, lashing indignant tail, paced back to his corner of the hearth.

"Now," quoth Mr. Mings, taking out his snuffbox and rapping it loudly, "talkin' o' smugglin', Mrs. Pentreath—"

"I . . . I'm not!" said Deborah breathlessly.

"Why, no, ma'm, but I am, for, d'ye see, they're a'goin' to pass a act o' Parliament to make smuggling a capital offense, a matter for Jack Ketch . . . the 'angman, ma'm, the noose, Mrs. Pentreath, the gallers an' jibbet, ma'm!" Deborah uttered a stifled gasp.

"Was you speakin', ma'm?"

"No. I . . . I pricked my finger with the needle," she answered, stealing another yearning, agonized glance toward that lamp, that curtained window.

"So d'ye see, ma'm, if we should ha' the good fortun' to take any man smugglin'—tonight, say . . . well, that man would be took, clapped in jail and dooly 'anged, ma'm—in a noose—on a gallers. And that man being dead, Mrs. Pentreath, they take his body, or as you might say, corpse, ma'm, and 'ang it in chains . . . on a jibbet, for a warnin'."

Sick with a creeping horror, Deborah closed her eyes. . . . That they should work such ghastly doing on her loved John's handsome, stalwart body! Ah, dear God in Heaven, forbid it! . . . Somehow she must reach the window.

A LARGE moth was fluttering about the room making small, dreary rustlings against wall and ceiling and Tib, the black cat, cut short a yawn to watch it with unwinking, topaz eyes.

"Wot, Mrs. Pentreath, are ye faint, ma'm?" inquired Mings, closing snuffbox with a snap. "Shall Jarge get ye a drink o' water, ma'm?"

"No," said Deborah faintly. "No!" and, dropping her needlework, she rose, strung with desperate purpose, her burning gaze upon the curtained window . . . and then—Tib leapt, reaching the table in a single bound, for the moth was hovering about the lamp . . . from lamp it fluttered to the curtain—and again Tib leapt, upsetting the china bowl with a crash and, missing that fluttering insect, clung to the curtain with his every claw, swaying there a moment, and as Mings snatched up the lamp down came Tib and curtain in a writhing tangle.

Deborah sank back upon the settle, and, bowing her head between trembling hands, poured forth her passionate thankfulness in whispered prayer, for the lamplight was beaming through the unshrouded window, her beloved John was saved.

"Frighted ye, eh, ma'm?" growled Mings, setting the lamp in a place of safety. "Frighted ye, ma'm? And no wonder! That cat o' yourn might ha' set the place afire. Ah, and he's broke your fine chaney bowl and—Lord love us, lookee 'ere, ma'm!" And Mr. Mings showed his fine, new, gold-laced hat dripping with water. "Look at it, ma'm!" he growled, "and there be fools as says black cats is lucky!"

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche

They surrendered beach robes to an old woman in front of the Casino and ventured into the waves

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN WILSON breaks her engagement with Larry Tracy in order to marry a rich, middle-aged man. Larry, his pride hurt, vows to marry the first woman who will have him.

Shortly after the interview he rescues from a park bench a poverty-stricken, starved though beautiful girl, Joyce Carroll. He takes her to luncheon and she afterward collapses. Realizing her pride he takes her to his home instead of to a hospital.

Next day news of the broken engagement comes out and Joyce, thinking it her fault, is much upset. Larry assures her otherwise.

Thinking of his vow to Helen and of how sweet revenge would be, Larry feels that an immediate marriage would do the trick and asks Joyce to marry him. She is incredulous at first but, thinking that this might be a way of repaying him for his kindness, she finally consents.

After the ceremony Joyce promises to do all she can to make the marriage seem a happy one and Larry has promised to leave Joyce completely alone in private.

They decide to go abroad to escape the publicity. While Joyce and the servants are busy packing the doorbell rings and Larry answers it. There stands a man—Ratty Rogan from New York's underworld—who claims to know Joyce. He menacingly advises Larry to listen to his story. Larry knocks him down.

V

"READY—if you are."

Tracy, clad in a bathing suit, over which he had thrown a gayly colored robe, heard the merry voice with that indefinable feeling of exaltation that its every tone aroused in him. He walked to the window of his bedroom and looked out upon the sparkling waters of the Bay of Biscay. Fishermen were staggering under the strong breeze and the raucous gulls were circling close inshore. The brilliant sunshine of the Cote D'Or almost made his eyes ache, accustomed as they were to the semi-gloom of his heavily shaded room. Tall trees were waving, birds were singing; in the street beyond his garden cabbies were indulging in the guttural drolleries of the Basque. Berets, blue and red, bobbed along the sidewalk, and there was even the clatter of an occasional pair of wooden shoes. There was a tiny donkey, incredibly burdened, but he staggered merrily up the steep incline of one of the adjacent streets.

Merrily! That was the word that described everything in Biarritz—sea, sun, trees, people, animals—even the servants who had been included in his lease of the house in which he stood were always merry. Whenever one came upon them, one had the feeling that they had just reached the mirth-provoking point in a tale of exceptional flavor. The gardener sang at his work; the chauffeur screamed jests at the maids as he polished fenders; passers-by hailed each other with enthusiasm; even stray curs seemed to wag their tails with an enthusiasm unknown to American dogs.

And there in the next room, her voice indicative of the impression that Basque gayety had made upon her, was his wife. Standing here, blinking at the sunshine, savoring the odors of a dozen different kinds of flowers, listening to the gay sounds from below, his heart was heavy.

Why should he be the only person—apparently—in all of southwestern France who was not gay? Why couldn't he adapt himself to a situation as well as Joyce? True, Europe was no novelty to him; he had traveled widely, and new scenes, new people, had little thrill to offer him. But he had never traveled in such charming companionship before, and every moment should have been blithe.

He had warned himself that he might fall in love with his wife; then he had assured himself that he could never fall in love again. . . . Well, he wasn't in love with her. He liked her, enjoyed her company, that was all. The feeling of shame that he had done an unworthy thing in marrying out of pique had left him. Then why—why was he downhearted, dispirited, miserable?

HE REVIEWED their hasty departure from America. He had knocked down a person named Rogan. Into the blow with which he had floored the unprepossessing caller he had put all his rage against life, against Helen Wilson, against himself. Rogan had staggered to his feet, a policeman had rushed to the scene, and for a moment Tracy had visualized court-rooms, more of that painful notoriety which irked him.

But Rogan had been thoroughly frightened, the policeman had been amenable to a ten-dollar bill, and the incident had closed as abruptly as it had begun. Only—its memories had remained. What had this Rogan, this obvious product of an underworld which Tracy had read about but never glimpsed, to do with Joyce Carroll?

Tracy was a gentleman. Instinctively, when his furtive visitor had said that he could tell a few things about the woman Tracy had married, the newly made husband had struck out viciously. Innate chivalry forbade that he should listen to any tale, or innuendo, or hint, about any woman whom he knew, and resentment was infinitely greater when he was asked to heed a story about his wife.

But chivalry, unfortunately, is rarely a lasting quality. It may last long enough to prevent us from action, but it cannot prevent us from thought. Doubt is an insidious thing, and cannot be banished by an effort of the will; it requires evidence—proof—to lay the ghost of suspicion.

Tracy had not mentioned Rogan's visit to Joyce. That was something impossible to him. He had married this girl, this waif whom he had rescued from starvation, without asking any questions as to her past. He could not, now that she was his wife, ever raise any questions as to what might have happened in the days before he knew her.

But he had assumed that she was what is known as a good woman. A glance at her seemed to prove that assumption. Further, girls with her beauty need never starve in a city like New York if they are willing to trade their beauty for a price. She had not traded, and therefore—but there was Rogan.

Always the specter of the man whom he had knocked down rose between them. And yet, he asked himself as he stood in the window, did that matter? Did anything matter save that he was unhappy and might find surcease from unhappiness in—well, if not in her arms, at least in her companionship?

A thousand Rogans couldn't make him think evil of Joyce. So, in the intimacy of their breakfasts together, enthralled by the sight of her in negligee, he would tell himself. And then, when she would laughingly order him from her bedroom, doubts would come back. After all, though they had undergone a marriage ceremony, they were not man and wife. Yet she suffered no embarrassment at intimacies which he had never indulged in with any other woman in his life.

He would be in her cabin and it would be time to go on deck for a stroll.

"Turn your back," she would order. Obediently he would look the other way. There would be a swish of silk and she would tell him that he might look. The girl who, a moment ago, had been in a suit of pajamas, would now appear in a dinner dress. And she would announce the change, and make it, without any self-consciousness. Could a girl unaccustomed to masculine intimacy be as devoid of embarrassment under such conditions?

Perhaps, though he didn't think of this, the impersonality with which she regarded him might have been one of the underlying causes of his depression. . . .

BIARRITZ had entranced her. Why they had chosen this particular spot Tracy didn't know, except perhaps because he had never been there. But they had both loved it, been entranced by the scenery and climate, and, well, here they were, ensconced in a charming villa, waited upon by servants of a deftness unknown in America, and he was dressed for the beach and so, he presumed, was she. And her gay voice was hurrying him. Through the half-open door that, when shut, constituted an impassable barrier, her voice floated, and enwrapped him in subtle promise, lifted him to heights from which he knew he would drop the moment her voice ceased or her presence was not with him.

"All ready," he called. "May I come in?"

"Do, by all means," she answered him.

He passed through the communicating door and stopped dead at sight of her.

"Am I—is it—too daring?" she asked.

On the chair lay a carelessly tossed beach gown, but she stood there attired in a one-piece suit that revealed nearly all of her body and that showed every line where it hid the flesh.

Tracy had seen his wife in negligee; he had seen her in pajamas. For that matter, modern street or evening dresses reveal practically all of a woman's body. He had known that her figure was delightful, but he was not prepared for the utterly enchanting revelation that met his eyes now. To begin with, she was not, in bathing slippers, quite as tall as he had fancied, but she was even slimmer where slimness was desirable and rounder where

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roundness is no detriment. She was too ineffably entrancing. His eyes, wide with ardor, told her as much.

"I take it, without too great vanity, I trust, that I'm not offensive to the eyes," she laughed.

"You're a delight," he muttered.

"And not too bold?" she asked.

Upon an unshapely woman her scanty costume would have been inevitably bold. But upon her it was the only possible dress for swimming.

He shook his head. She became suddenly self-conscious and picked up her dressing-gown. He took it from her and placed it about her shoulders. An impulse which he many times restrained conquered him now. His hands tightened upon her shoulders, twisted her around, and his lips greedily sought hers.

He had dreamed of doing this many times in the past ten days or so. Though he told himself that he would never yield to inclination he knew that he deceived himself, knew that sooner or later he would do this very thing. And he had wondered, as a man must, how she would receive his first advance.

Would she struggle? Would she become indignant, embarrassed, or what? But he had never anticipated her reactions as they would really be.

FOR the body that he drew to him seemed suddenly turned to marble. Pliable marble, if such a thing be conceivable, but cold and stony. She made not the slightest resistance, but the shoulders he gripped were suddenly cold, and the lips he kissed were as unresponsive as the lips of a painting. Even the eyes into which he gazed—and which did not turn away from his own—were as expressionless as those of any statue.

Reluctantly, shamefaced, he released her.

"I'm sorry," he muttered.

"Oh, no, you're not," she said.

"I—I couldn't help it," he stammered.

"Oh, yes, you could," she told him coolly. "Well, is it over?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"My words are clear, I think," she retorted. "I mean—is this ended?"

"Is what ended?"

"What has just occurred," she explained.

Beneath her quiet contempt he grew angry.

"My God! I'm only human, after all."

"And not very original," she said. "I suppose Adam said to Eve that he was only human, after all. In other words, she was the only woman around, just as I'm the only woman around—"

"That isn't so," he stammered.

"No?" Her eyes derided him. "I suppose I should be flattered at that. With half the demi-monde of Europe in the Casinos here, I should be overjoyed that you selected me."

"I won't offend again," he said.

"Until the next time that you feel like it," she mocked.

Her contempt enraged him now.

"After all," he sneered, "you knew perfectly well that sooner or later it would come to this."

"That is quite true," she admitted.

"Then why, if you knew it was inevitable, be angry?" he demanded.

"Does the fact that a thing is inevitable make it any more pleasant?" she inquired. "Of course I knew what you'd do. You say you're only human. Well, I say that you're only a man, and from a man a woman expects only one thing. You paid for me—therefore I belong to you."

"I don't feel that way at all," he tried to assure her.

"You mean that, being a man, you can't be honest even with yourself," she said. "You feel exactly that way, but remnants of chivalry constrain you to deny that feeling."

"I've said it won't happen again," he said.

"*You've* said it. But now I say it," she told him. "Because, the next time, I'll leave you. Oh, I don't suppose that's much of a threat. After all, I came with you willingly enough, took what you had—now, I'm going to be honest. I—I'm not a fool. I've met men. I—knew perfectly this would happen. I—I'm going to be honest as few women would be with you—I wanted it to happen. Because I wanted to know whether or not I could—please don't make me go on," she ended abruptly.

"You needn't," he said. "I think—you're fine to—be so honest. I'm only sorry that—I'm so distasteful—"

"You're not," she interrupted. "It's only that—you see, if you were in love with me—really in love—you're my husband, after all—"

"You'll not have to leave me," he cut in. "And—I do love you."

HER misty black eyes brightened incredibly. Her lips curled deliciously.

"You're sweet," she cried. "You—take the meanness, the hurt—out of everything. You didn't have to say that—that you loved me. I know you don't—and don't want you to, but—I'm glad you said it. You wanted to save my pride and—shall we go bathing?"

They hailed a cab outside their walled garden, and the cabby beamed upon them. Here was youth, youth arrayed in dressing-gowns and bathing-suits, out for an hour of play in the surf, and the cabby approved. The man was young and good-looking; the girl was young and beautiful. This was life as it should be lived, and the cabby approved. People like these young Americans, who lived in such a magnificent villa, would be generous with old Antoine, and would enable his dream of a farm back there in the Pyrenees to come nearer realization.

He cracked his whip with a great flourish, hurled incredible Basque insults at his bony old horse, and they dashed down the steep hill toward the ocean at an unbelievable pace. Joyce, terrified at the downhill speed, and not knowing that every cab in Biarritz is equipped with powerful brakes, shrank toward Tracy, and the very movement seemed to assure him of forgiveness.

Damn it, what a beast he was! A girl as fine and sweet and trusting as Joyce. . . . Then doubting common sense returned to him. Everyone knows that favors withheld assume greater value than favors easily granted, and perhaps Joyce knew exactly what she was doing in the very moment that he was terming her noble, wonderful. . . .

The vision of Rogan obtruded itself and the arm with which he held the frightened girl had nothing of ardor in its embrace. She seemed to sense the change in him and struggled back to her own side of the seat.

"Silly of me—I guess we're all right," she managed to laugh.

But her laugh didn't ring true, and Tracy, a windmill in the conflicting winds of emotion, veered again toward complete sympathy and understanding. But one couldn't say to one's wife—a wife that had been acquired as strangely as his wife had been—that one minute one had faith in her, and that the faith was lost and regained every moment or so. So Tracy said nothing.

To an old woman in front of the Casino they surrendered beach robes and slippers, and ventured into the waves. Life guards waved trumpets, when they were not blowing them, and an Englishman volunteered an explanation to Tracy.

"Too many people drowned here each season," he said. "If the trumpet blows it means that (*Continued on page 44*)

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

They were in the midst of a laughing cosmopolitan group that whirled and eddied and deposited her upon a chair beside a merry-eyed, red-haired man

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Adrift in New York

By Ring Lardner

A humble beginning, but remember, my son, the man who conscientiously wields a broom can rise to almost anything

David Belasco just a few years later. If you photographed him now you'd have to allow room for at least ten limousines

No one, not even the Master, ever before saw these pictures. The family album came through Frisco's fire. Note the skillfully charred pages

No contemporary biographer is better qualified to tell you of the Men and Women Who Are Doing Things than is Mr. Lardner. He has studied them, analyzed them. He is privy to their foibles and their vanities, their personalities and their formulas. This first article of a penetrating, inspirational series deals with David Belasco. It is to a collar that Dr. Lardner attributes the successful career of this dominant figure in the American drama

Editor, Collier's,
New York, N. Y.
Gents:—

This seems to be the open season for biographies and as you was kind enough to ask me to write you a little something I said to myself, why not a little sketch of some prominent man like David Belasco who I have never met but at least have seen him numerable times which is more than most biographers can say of their victims, the last named having been dead sometimes hundreds of years before their vilifiers was born.

Mr. Belasco is approaching his 104th birthday anniversary and will reach it in a little over a quarter of a century if he is not mistaken for a cockatoo and shot down. He was born in California during the Quake and is a Quaker by religion like Herbie Hoover. The Quake, or fire, as it is pronounced in California, started the day before Davy's birth and was still raging in such a fearsome manner the day after that the infant Belasco's hair turned white over night. He was backward as a child and his collars have always continued to face the opposite way.

At the age of three, young David (named after the McCarthy Sisters) expressed a desire to become an architect and his parents entrusted him with the task of designing the new Home they were to build on recently purchased property atop the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco. The house consisted of two bedrooms, a ladder and an apiary. The best bedroom was for David personally and he jokingly designated it the Master's Bedroom, since which he has frequently been referred to as the Master.

The apiary occupied most of his time during his youth and it is said that he still holds the world's record for the number of bees raised in one season on the Fairmont roof. At length he tired of the bumbles and drones and went into the business of mowing lawns for strangers. Nearly all the strangers, of whom there were more than a number in San Francisco, enjoyed the way he mowed lawns, and glee clubs were organized to serenade him nights with an especially written song entitled "Davy, come mow my, Davy, come mow my, Davy, come mow my bonny, bonny lawn." It got quite tiresome to the guests at the Fairmont.

THEN occurred the shooting of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo. The Belascos moved to this country and little Davy got a position as assistant sweeper at the Hudson Theater. His assignment was to keep the aisles clear of peanut shells, just the shells, not the nuts themselves, which went out voluntarily when the play was over, and sometimes before. But the Master himself took advantage of his entrée to remain through all the performances and study the sets, the lighting, the acting and stagecraft in general.

"Othello gave me a double hunch," said Mr. Belasco, talking to himself the other day. "It provided me with the idea for Lulu Belle and the name Lulu Belle furnished me the notion of having the front drop raised and lowered by bell signals instead of the old-fashioned foghorns."

He might have added that it also earned him the further nickname of La Belle Belasco.

Davy made enough money out of his sweepings to pay his way through college and he selected the Colorado School of Mines where he could study miner rôles to fit him for a personal career on the stage. He was halfback on the football team and scored many a touchdown through his trick of wearing his collars backward so that his opponents always thought he was running toward his own goal and let him go unchallenged.

After graduation he moved to the near-by village of East Hampton, Long Island, and applied himself for a while to the writing of poetry. It appears that the electric service in that town was kind of sensitive and his first verse, called Candle Lightin' Time, was dedicated to the East Hampton Lighting Company. It ran:

"Two small white clouds show in the sky;
'Tis dusk and vespers chime.
A breeze springs up, which means to us
It's candle lightin' time."

His next noteworthy work was Ode to a Buzzard and was written under the nom de plume of Percy Hammond Shelley. It read in part:

"'Hail to thee, blithe buzzard!' said Giles-on-Parade,
'They tell me contract's much more fun, but I have never played;
I can't afford to learn new games; I've not the time to spare.'
And Casey stands a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
'Too high!' cried Casey, but 'Strike one!' the color sergeant said.
The Tiger backs dash down the field 'mid shrieks of 'Hold 'em, Yale!'
And the female of the species makes a sucker of the male!"

DAVY'S writings were soon brought to the attention of Jerome D. Kern, the composer, and Jerry (as I call him) began to collaborate with the Master on musical shows. They turned out Oh, Boy! and Very Good, Eddie!—Mr. Belasco using the names Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse—and Show Boat! in which he employs the pseudonym of Oscar Hammerstein I, II, III and IV.

La Belle Belasco decided that musicals were a little beneath his dignity and went into the business of serious play-writing. His first hit was A Doll's House, a play about a couple of ski jumpers, the heroine of which got mad at her husband, Sambo, for getting mad at her for forging a check.

The next was Mary O'Deal, an Irish farce about a clerk in Macy's and three traffic policemen.

In spite of (*Continued on page*

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Third Accident

By Dana Burnet

An irresistible young woman meets an immovable young man again and again —with magnificent consequences

NATALIE WEBSTER met Elliott Crane the winter that she was eight years old. Elliott was nine. The place of their introduction was a snow-covered slope in Central Park, near the East Seventy-second Street entrance, and the manner of it was most informal.

The month was February, the day Friday. Natalie, demurely mounted on her childish little sled, came scooting downhill—and met Elliott at the bottom of the slope. It was not a propitious meeting. When frightened governesses untangled the resulting snarl, Natalie was found to be unharmed. Elliott spent the next six weeks in bed with a broken leg.

The Sunday following the accident Natalie came to see him. Mrs. Webster came with her. They were ushered into the room where Elliott lay gloomily pursuing the Funnies. Elliott's mother stood by and signaled him to be gracious.

"I'm thorry, Ellyet," lisped Natalie, gazing with interest at her handiwork. "I didn't mean to do it. I'm very thorry."

"It doesn't hurt," said Elliott, embarrassed.

"I'm thorry."

"It's all right. I don't care."

"I'm very thorry."

The reiteration of this apologetic formula annoyed Elliott. He said coldly: "You can't steer a sled like that one you got sitting up straight. You got to go belly-buster."

"Shall we leave the children alone?" suggested Natalie's mother, anticipating a sentimental juvenile *rapprochement*. Elliott's mother was dubious, but she couldn't object without seeming rude. Both the Websters and the Cranes inhabited a world in which rudeness was unthinkable.

THE two children were left alone. Natalie, freed from parental supervision, walked up to the bed.

"Can I thee where it'th broken?" she asked eagerly.

"No," said Elliott.

"Wath it broken right in two?"

"Sure. I guess so."

"Why can't I thee it?"

" 'Cause it's all bandaged up," said Elliott. "And I don't like you."

"I don't like boyth," said Natalie. "And anyway, my Nanny thayth it wath your fault cauth you wath in the way."

All the smoldering resentment induced by the prospect of six weeks in bed leaped to Elliott's lips.

"I was not in the way! Like heck! Girls don't know how to slide downhill. Where'd you get the sled? It's just a baby sled. Why don't you get a sled like mine? Why don't you stay home and play with your dolls or something? You make me sick. I got something to do. I got to read the Funnies."

"I bet you can't read," chanted Natalie. "I bet you can only look at the picturth."

"If you wasn't a girl I'd slap you."

"Go ahead and thlap me," said Natalie, holding out her hand.

Elliott burrowed deeper into the bedclothes.

"Aw, go on and leave me alone," he muttered.

Suddenly, surprisingly, Natalie's eyes filled with tears. That was one of the troubles with girls. They cried if you looked at them.

"I think you're a horrid, nathty boy!"

"Aw!" said Elliott helplessly.

"You think you're tho thmart, cauth you got a broken leg. I know a boy 'ath got the mumpth."

"Mumps!" said Elliott contemptuously. "What's that? I had mumps. It isn't a darn thing."

"My Nanny thayth darn ith a bad word. Do you know any more bad wordth?"

"Sure."

"Leth hear them."

Natalie was eight. Elliott was nine. The place of their introduction was a snow-covered slope in Central Park, the manner decidedly informal

"Aw, say, leave me alone, can't you?" begged Elliot.

This time his earnest plea was successful. Natalie turned and stalked out of the room, pausing in the doorway just long enough to stick out her tongue at her unhappy victim. Then the door banged behind her.

Elliott didn't see her again till he was seventeen years old.

He had planned to spend his entire vacation, that summer, touring the country with a school friend in a rattle-trap stripped roadster for which he had paid fifty dollars. But the school friend had got the shingles; so early in August Elliott drove north to visit his parents, who had taken a cottage at Lord's Harbor, Maine. Mrs. Webster, now a widow, had owned a house in Lord's Harbor for years. Natalie and Elliott met again, and the consequences of that meeting were, to Elliott, even more serious than before.

He arrived at the harbor on a Thursday. The next morning, appearing on the beach in a brand-new, blue-and-white striped bathing suit, he was hailed by a boy he knew, Jack Prescott, and presented to the Younger Set, who lay sprawled in a wide circle on the sand. The Younger Set looked at Elliott, saw that he was tall and smiling and blue-eyed and husky, and said: "Hello!"

Elliott murmured a comprehensive "Hello!" in return and sat down between Jack Prescott and a girl in a flowered bathing suit, who lay full length on the sand. The girl had curly blond hair and a beautiful tan.

"You don't remember me," she said. "But I remember you. I ran into you once, on my sled, and broke your leg."

"Gee whiz!" said Elliott. He looked in astonishment at the pretty face pillowed on the slim brown arms. Recognition stirred in him, and with it a confused sense of painful memories turned suddenly delightful. "Gee whiz, was that you?"

"It certainly was," said the girl.

"Well, gee! What do you know about that?" said Elliott.

"It does seem sort of funny, doesn't it?"

"Gosh! Doesn't it? To think of me sitting down here beside you like this, without knowing who you were or anything—!"

"I knew you right away," said the girl.

"Natalie Webster!" exclaimed Elliott, triumphantly producing her name from the dim, dead past. "Why, sure, I remember you now! Gee, it certainly is funny. I mean, the way you meet people you haven't seen for years, and—I mean—

"I suppose life is full of the unexpected, isn't it? But I mean I think it's wonderful."

"I know what you mean," said Natalie.

"I think sometimes there must be something like Fate, or something, that sort of brings two people together," said Elliott gravely. "But I don't know, maybe it's just an accident."

"IT WAS the *first* time we met," said Natalie, and they both laughed, lightly.

"Seems a long time ago, doesn't it?"

"Perfect ages!" agreed the girl.

There was a silence, during which they studied each other with increasing interest.

"I guess maybe I better look out for you," finally observed Elliott, smiling boldly into the blue eyes turned toward him. "I guess maybe you're sort of a dangerous person."

"Why, I'm not either. I don't think that's nice."

"I mean, a beautiful woman is always dangerous," exclaimed Elliott, hoping that his air of sophistication would prove convincing.

"Oh," said Natalie. "I don't think I'm beautiful."

"You've got the bluest eyes I've ever seen. And the best tan. You've got a peach of a tan!" said Elliott.

"Do you think so? But I'm really quite discouraged about my looks, and I'm quite sincere when I say so."

"Listen," said seventeen to sixteen. "You're the prettiest girl I've almost ever met." (The slight reservation in this compliment would contribute, Elliott felt, to his standing as a man-of-the-world and a connoisseur of pretty women.) "But it isn't only looks

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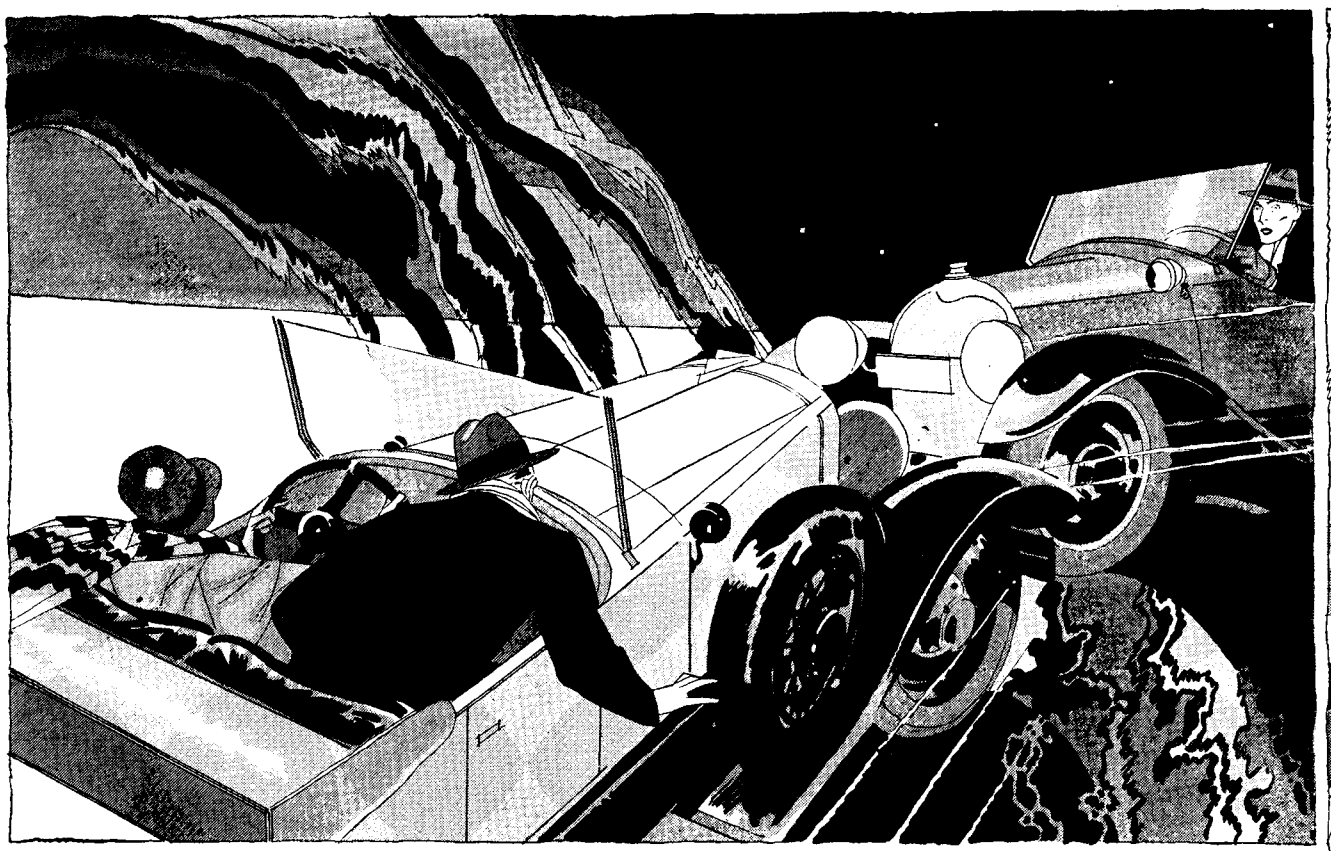


She was driving swiftly down the road. She rounded a curve and crashed head-on into Elliott's flaming red car

that count, it's fascination. I mean I can see you've got fascination all right. I bet you could do a lot of damage to a fellow if he ever fell in love with you, or anything like that."

This startlingly original idea seemed to illumine Natalie's understanding.

"Oh, so *that's* what you meant when you said I was dangerous?"

"Sure! I meant I guess I better look out or I might get my *heart* broken, this time."

The blue eyes looked deep into his; then turned to gaze off seaward.

"But you're not going to fall in love with me," murmured Natalie.

"How do you know I'm not?"

"I can tell. A girl can always tell."

"Say!" protested Elliott. "I don't see how she can tell! I mean, if a fellow sort of feels that he's going to fall in love with a girl, I guess he knows it, doesn't he?"

"Well, maybe," admitted Natalie; and added, rather dreamily: "Maybe there *is* something like Fate that makes people sort of do things in spite of themselves."

"That's it," said Elliott.

"IT'S FUNNY," continued the girl, in the low, musing tone that he found peculiarly thrilling, "how you and I have started right off talking about life and—I mean—it's so nice to be able to talk to someone about the really worth-while things of life, and not just carry on a futile conversation about nothing at all, the way you have to do with most of the people you meet in the summertime."

Elliott said: "I bet you get tired of all this society here in Lord's Harbor. I mean, I bet you get pretty sick of it, don't you?"

She nodded, sighing.

"We've been coming here for years. I'd rather travel, but Mother has so many friends here, and then the air is good for her health. But it's all so terribly futile," said Natalie.

"That's right," he agreed. "That's just what it is. Say, listen, Natalie!"

"Yes, Elliott?"

"What do you say if we take a little walk up the beach and sort of get away from all these futile people."

Her small, pointed chin in her hands, she turned her head and thoughtfully regarded him.

"All right," she said. "Let's!"

"Come on," said Elliott.

They rose together. The Younger Set, with the exception of Jack Prescott, made no comment upon their departure from the circle. Jack Prescott, glancing up at Elliott, remarked: "Fast work, kid!" But Elliott paid no attention to him.

"You can't expect people like Jack Prescott to understand," he told Natalie. "Anyway, we've really known each other for a long time, haven't we?"

"Why, yes, so we have! You know, Elliott, I've always been frightfully sorry you got hurt that time I ran into you on my sled. I mean, it's always been sort of in the back of my mind."

"It has?" he asked softly.

"Yes. That's why I've never been able to forget you. I mean, I've had a sort of complex about you ever since I was a child."

"Gee!" said Elliott. "A thing like that could affect a person's whole life, couldn't it?"

"Yes," said Natalie. "It could."

"It could affect their whole psychology."

Natalie said it certainly could.

"I remember it all so clearly," she went on, with a reminiscent shudder. "It happened on a Friday."

"It did?"

"Yes."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Elliott. "Today's Friday!"

They stopped and looked at each other. The fact that today was Friday struck them both, suddenly, as an event of overwhelming significance.

"Natalie!" said Elliott, "I do believe it's Fate!"

"Elliott!" said Natalie simply.

They walked on, thrilled by the sense of a mutual destiny, aware of forces exclusively assembled to direct their footsteps along the path of life. This path (or its equivalent) led them, shortly, to a secluded spot between two felicitous dunes. They sat down, side by side, and looked at the seagulls circling above them.

"It certainly is funny," said Elliott.

Slowly he turned his head. Their eyes met. The moment that both knew to be inevitable had arrived. Elliott put his arm around her and kissed her.

"Gee," he murmured into Natalie's ear. "This sure is my lucky day!"

That afternoon they went driving in Elliott's roadster. The roadster was an old-fashioned one. But it had a racy torpedo body, painted a dull red, and it had charm. Natalie said it looked like an airplane without wings. Elliott was overjoyed. He buoyantly confided to her that when he was twenty-one, and had inherited the fortune that was coming to him from his grandmother's estate, he intended to buy a plane and spend the rest of his life flying around in it.

"I'd rather fly than eat," said Elliott, as they drove down the long, curving drive that led from the Webster cottage to the main road. "I think it's about the most worth-while thing a fellow can do."

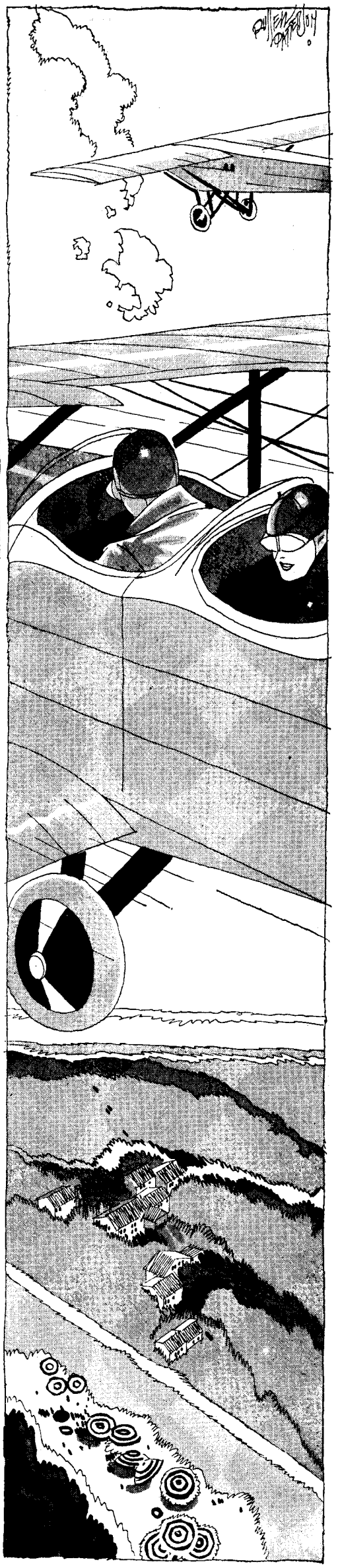
"IT WOULD be fun," said Natalie. "But you might fall, Elliott!"

"No, I won't!"

"Well, anyway, you'd better carry a parachute."

"Aw!" he said. "It would just be in the way."

"Elliott Crane, you promise me this minute that you'll carry a parachute!" (*Continued on page 46*)



Natalie looked down from the passenger's seat in Elliott's silver plane and saw Lord's Harbor laid out in a neat pattern far below her

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

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At Sea

By William O'Brien

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE night before the sailing of the freighter Delkirk, Hardy, the purser, is struck a severe blow on the head by some person unseen and his safe robbed. He is removed to a hospital, and after the arrival of Windy Costello, the famous detective, the ship sails for Southampton.

The passengers of the Delkirk are Mr. and Mrs. Duval, a dancing team; Miss Jennifer Green; Rev. Dr. Hornsby; and Foo, a Chinese. A ring, a diamond stick pin, four unset diamonds, and a gem-studded crucifix are missing from the safe.

When the ship is well under way, Costello and Captain Andrews question the passengers. Hornsby testifies that, hearing the noise, he had started to investigate and had seen Miss Green hurrying past with an empty bird cage. Mrs. Duval testifies that she did not leave her stateroom but her husband went out to investigate.

After this testimony, Hornsby immediately points out that the struggle in Hardy's room must have been heard by the Duvals; that the assailant escaped from the window; and that he was heard to take about ten running steps, which is the distance from Hardy's stateroom to that of the Duval's.

"The pigeons, they are gone. The jewels and money, they have flown. And so does Foo, to meet them. Good afternoon, I thank you"

II

HERE was an almost direct accusation. The assembled company took it in several ways. Miss Green, Andrews, Costello and Foo manifested no emotion whatever. Duval was frightened and temporarily lost his nerve. "Ya crazy, ya crazy!" he kept repeating. The charge appeared to buck up Mrs. Duval, however. She rose excitedly.

"How dare you, sir? That is a terrible thing to say. How can you say such things?"

Andrews calmed them. He slammed the table with his fists. "Quiet! Quiet!" the hubbub subsided, but Dr. Hornsby did not:

"Mrs. Duval, did you or did you not—"

Andrews interrupted firmly, "Dr. Hornsby, sit down. Get it out of your head immediately that you're in charge here. You're not. When it suits my purpose I shall act on your suggestions."

Dr. Hornsby became apologetic: "I'm very sorry, Captain. I became excited. I'm very sorry. Of course you are in charge."

"Before we leave the subject, Doctor, which way would you say the running man was going—forward or aft?"

"Undoubtedly he was running forward—toward Duval's cabin. I could hear him plainly."

Costello spoke up: "Can I butt in, Cap? The Reverend has already said he was in his room when this went on. That means that he was from fifty to seventy feet away from Hardy's window. Now, no man alive can tell direction at that distance from sound alone. No offense, Reverend, but that's a lot of boloney when you say you knew which way he ran."

"What makes you so sure, Costello?" asked Andrews.

"WELL, I seen that same thing brought up three times at trials. Each time they made tests to see if it was possible. The tests showed that the witnesses were lucky if they guessed right three times out of five."

Duval got up determinedly.

"Say, Cap, let me go on. I ain't going to have this bird cracking wise about me. Ask me all the questions you want, I can dish the dirt with any of 'em."

Andrews slammed his fist on the table.

"Duval, sit down and stay sitting. Now every one of you get this straight: When I want you I'll call you. Until I call you, be quiet. This means everybody except Mr. Costello, who is assisting me in this." He raised his voice. "Johnson," he called sharply.

Johnson had apparently been standing by, just outside the door of the cabin. He entered at once, a ponderous, slow-moving, slow-witted seaman of about forty. At a gesture from Andrews, he took the chair which Dr. Hornsby had just vacated.

Andrews addressed the passengers: "I may ask some questions, the answers to which I already know. This is solely for your benefit. I think every one of you is entitled to get a good idea of every other person who might possibly be implicated. If any of you can develop any theory of this crime, from what is elicited from each witness, please bring it to me."

He turned to Johnson. "Name?" he asked.

"Albert Johnson, sir."

"How long have you served as an A. B.?"

"About eighteen years, sir."

"How long aboard the Delkirk?"

"Three years, sir."

Costello broke in.

"Mind if I interrupt, Captain?" He went ahead without awaiting an answer: "Didn't you tell me Hardy came with you just about three years ago?"

"Just about," Andrews replied.

Costello turned to Johnson:

"Did you ship out on the Delkirk at the same time Hardy did?"

"Yes, sir. We made our first trip together."

"Did you know Hardy before that?"

"Yes, sir. I once shipped on a Ward liner with him,"

"How well did you know him?"

"Very well, sir."

Andrews qualified this: "Johnson means as well as a deck officer knows a seaman. He does not imply intimacy."

Costello continued: "Did you like him?"

"Who?" Johnson asked cautiously.

"Hardy."

"Yes, sir. Sure, I liked him."

"Ever have any arguments?"

"Arguments with who, sir? What kinda arguments?"

Andrews snapped at him quickly:

"Johnson, you're evasive. Answer every question and answer it fully. Did you ever quarrel with Hardy?"

"Well, sir, not row, in a manner of speaking—"

"Answer that question."

"YES, sir. Right off, sir. You remember, sir, I told you on the last voyage up from Montevideo that he charged me with two slickers. I only got one, sir. I told you about it, sir. I only *did* get one, sir. He said that I—"

"Never mind the slickers. When did you have the argument?"

"Well, rightly speaking, it wasn't an argument. I just said I only had one slicker and he said I had two."

It was questionable whether Johnson was trying to befog his story or whether he was incapable of reporting it tersely in speech.

"If you had a run-in with Hardy, why did you tell Mr. Costello that you liked him?"

"Well, I did, sir. That is, I didn't dislike him—very much."

"Tell me what happened the night before we sailed."

"You mean about the robbery, sir?"

"Yes. How did you come to be in the passageway?"

"Well, sir, I was standing watch and was walking along the deck when the Chinese gentleman—that gentleman there, sir," and he indicated Foo with his finger—"came up to me and wanted to know if he could get anything to eat. So I said I'd look in the galley."

Andrews seized on a point of ship discipline: "What do you mean by going into the galley when you're on watch? What do you mean by going into the galley at any time? Do you think you're a lily-fingered deck steward? Did he give you any money?"

Foo listened impassively as Andrews shot these questions at the seaman. Johnson reddened. His voice was low and ashamed as he answered the last query:

"Yes, sir. A dollar, sir."

"Well, I'll take that matter up with you later. Go ahead with your story."

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"Well, sir, I'll be honest with you, sir. I went down to the galley, and it was locked. I was just coming back—"

Costello again interrupted: "How long were you gone?"

"About five minutes, sir."

"What were you doing for five minutes? It doesn't take five minutes to walk to the galley and back."

Johnson turned an even deeper red. "Well, sir, I thought like if I could rouse out Chef and give him a half dollar, he'd make up a sandwich. So I went down in the fo'c'sle."

"Did he get up?"

"No, sir. He got mad."

"Go ahead with your story."

"Well, sir, I was coming back to return the gentleman's dollar when I heard the noise. Sounded like somebody was hit and fell. Then I heard the window break and someone running along the deck."

"What did you do?"

"I went right to Hardy's room, sir. It was dark. I couldn't find the lights. You came in right about then, sir."

"Didn't you see anyone?"

"No, sir."

"Was Mr. Foo where you left him?"

"I don't know, sir. I didn't see him again, sir, until after I went to see the dock watchman."

"Anything else happen that would throw any light on this affair?"

"No, sir. I've told you everything."

"That'll be all," said Andrews curtly.

"Just a minute," said Costello. "Captain, was Hardy used to keeping such late hours? What was the idea of him working after one in the morning?"

"I don't know," Andrews replied. "Probably he didn't feel sleepy and thought he'd get through a big part of his work before the voyage started."

Costello turned to Johnson. "Did you see the light in Hardy's room? Did you know he was up?"

"Yes, sir. I saw the light in his room."

"Could Foo see it?"

"I suppose so, sir. We were only a short bit abaft his cabin."

"You say you had a fuss with Hardy not long ago. Didn't you ever want to take a poke at him—or to crown him with an iron bar?"

Johnson was emphatic: "No, sir."

"Would fifteen or twenty thousand dollars be any good to you? Could you use it?"

THE full implication of Costello's questions took a tiny space to register. Then Johnson arose, red-faced with rage, and started forward. Mrs. Duval sharply checked a scream. Andrews stopped him.

"Sit down!" he thundered.

The habit of years clings strongly to a man even in a violent emotional upset. He mumbled in a choking rage—but he sat down.

"That'll be all," said Costello.

"You can go, Johnson," said Andrews. He shambled out slowly, glowering belligerently at Costello as he did so.

"Mr. Foo, will you come forward, please?" said Andrews.

Mr. Foo took the chair, first bowing politely to the captain. He was an engaging Oriental, smiling, urbane and immaculately groomed. His English was faultless and his voice had no hint of accent. Nevertheless, it somehow conveyed the exotic personality of the speaker.

"WHAT is your name, Mr. Foo?" Andrews began.

"Ling Foo, sir. I was born in Shantung, but have spent nearly all my life in New York. I would become a citizen of your excellent United States were I permitted. Your laws bar me. I was educated at Columbia. I am at present a dealer in Oriental wares, mostly semi-precious stones such as jade. I am at present on my way to China."

All this was delivered engagingly. If the reply in content considerably exceeded the scope of Andrews' question, it was plain that Mr. Foo was simply expediting the examination by accounting for himself.

"Isn't it unusual to go to China by way of Southampton?"

"Yes, of course. However, I had some business in Amsterdam in connection with the diamonds I left with Mr. Hardy. This is the first time I have gone by way of Europe."

"Mr. Foo, you have heard Johnson testify that you sent him for something to eat when you met him on deck. When he returned Hardy had been assaulted. You must have been close by. Will you tell us your version of what happened?"

"Gladly, Captain. But I was not close by. However, let me start at the beginning. I was up very late. You recall that the night was stuffy, and the thought of going to my berth was not attractive. I was reading in my stateroom for a long time—longer than I realized. When I looked at my watch it was one-thirty. I decided to take a turn about the deck. Upon meeting the seaman the thought suggested itself to me that I was hungry. I asked him to get me something to eat. He said he would and went forward. I continued walking about the deck. I was just outside my own stateroom when I heard the outbreak of noise. I am both a timid and a cautious person, Captain"—here he smiled captivatingly, somehow implying that he was neither timid nor cautious—"and I thought it well to wait before I became involved in an affair possibly dangerous and certainly unpleasant. When I finally did return you were all gathered there."

Andrews thought a moment.

"You say you looked at your watch just before you left your cabin and the time was one-thirty. Is your watch correct?"

"I'm sure that it is. I have had it a long time, and it is dependable. Also I have checked it with the ship's clock."

"Did you hear three bells strike?"

"Possibly. I don't remember whether I heard them."

"I am asking these questions for this reason: Hardy had a thoroughly good watch and was very proud of it. When he was struck he must have fallen against the table and crushed it. It had stopped at one-twenty-five."

This was received in an uneasy silence which Jennifer broke.

"Wouldn't it be possible, Captain, if the watch in (*Continued on page 32*)

"Yes, he's Jimmy Sweeney. Duval isn't his name—nor mine either. What difference does that make?"

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It's a

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Sure, it's tiresome work—but all the gossip one gathers by the riverside washboards in Spain compensates for a lot of rubbing

Photo by Margaret Reid

A bunch of the boys are whooping it up in the sturdiest bathtub you could want. Combining the sun and tub bath

Ewing Galloway

An Old World chimney sweep with all his equipment. After you spend all day chinning yourself on sooty ledges you don't feel much like dolling up to go out

Ewing Galloway

Belgrade in Jugoslavia is a spotless town. It's the women-folk with their tough switch-brooms who help to keep it so

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Clean-up

A lot of busy little bees shining the improving hours and getting next to godliness—in some cases

H. Armstrong Roberts

Universal

The engaging Laura La-Plante enjoying those blissful moments of relaxation that only warm water and oodles of scented salts can produce. Taking adequate precautions, of course, to protect that wave

An earnest worker engaged in an ambitious clean-ing-up contract

First National

International

A somewhat camera-conscious young film actor gets his tub-bing at the delicate hands of Doris Ken-yon

Cleaning up the national capitol requires the D. of C. fire department's best efforts. And why not? It's a colossal job

Steam-cleaning in a big way. A steam blast directed against the grimiest building does a brisk and businesslike job

Ewing Galloway

Universal

Another kind of clean-up. And a pleasing one, too. But not if you're sitting at the other side of the table

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Illegal Tender

By Carl Clausen

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

Battling Bilbo was not what you'd call a deep thinker. There were times, however, when he knew how to use his head

MR. BATTLING BILBO perspired freely. The reason was a large pickax which he swung over his head, and the California desert sun which someone greater than he had swung in the summer sky.

Bat was somewhat out of his element. He would have exchanged his present field of endeavor for almost any latitude north of Gehenna. The ten-foot gravel bank at which he and his companions pecked with their picks and shovels appeared to his aching eyes of but slightly less elevation than Pike's Peak.

From a strong leather belt buckled about his slender waist hung two short pieces of heavy log chain. The end of one of them was shackled about his right ankle by a neat iron collar. The end of the other was fastened to his left ankle in a similar manner. As the total weight of the chains and collars was in the neighborhood of fifteen pounds, Bat walked with a certain deliberation of movement that might easily have been mistaken for dignity.

His membership in the chain gang of Alkali County was due to a set of unfortunate circumstances over which he had no control. He had made the mistake of sojourning in Inca, the county seat, overnight, on his way to San Francisco by shank's mare and brakebeam at a moment when the sheriff of Alkali was looking earnestly for a gentleman with a blue bandanna and cauliflower ears, who had relieved a pay-roll messenger of twenty-nine hundred and forty-three dollars and eighteen cents.

WHEN questioned about the bandanna, Bat stated succinctly that he never ate fruit, but as he did have slightly cauliflower ears and the sum of eighteen cents in his pocket, he was detained and given six months on the road gang for having no visible means of support other than a .32-caliber automatic pistol and three extra clips of cartridges. They still thought him somewhat guilty of the pay-roll job and figured that six months would give them an opportunity to collect enough evidence for a substantial extension of his stay.

As the late July sun climbed to zenith above Bat's aching back, his spirits tobogganed down the slope of the bottomless abyss. He raised his burning eyes and glanced at the dusty road that wound itself with full many a curve and dip over knolls of blistering lava rocks and meandered idly through bosky dells of prickly pear and chaparral. He and his friends were supposed to be engaged in mending it, but he felt that no amount of repair could make it attractive.

IN THE shade of a Joshua tree at one end of the column of perspiring men sat a sun-checked individual fanning himself with a six-quart hat. The fingers of his right hand caressed the mechanism of a Winchester repeater, whose gleaming barrel lay at a provocative angle across his lean and pointed knees.

At the other end of the column was parked an ancient automobile of the variety known as a char-à-bancs. In the front seat a small portly man lay sprawled with his head propped up on a gallon water canteen. The regular rise and fall of his rotund stomach would indicate that he was dozing, but scrutiny disclosed that his small alert eyes were squinting from under the brim of his dusty hat along the barrel of a rifle, the muzzle of which rested lightly in the fork of the emergency brake.

Thirteen picks and shovels rose and fell. A diamond rattler applauded from a near-by sagebrush thicket. A lone buzzard volplaned hopefully overhead. A horned toad flattened itself contentedly upon a lava ledge that would have fried an egg in a minute and a half, and two miniature whirlwinds of alkali dust played tag in a dry wash.

It was a setting singularly devoid of charm and opportunity. Bat thought earnestly of the pleasant humid purlieus of Myrtle Street, East St. Louis, where he had ruled with a rod of iron—the one of which the sheriff had relieved him together with the three clips of cartridges. Arrest and confinement was no novel experience to him. He had inspected numerous county bastiles between the Mississippi River and that bigger drink, the Pacific Ocean, but never before had he been all in when he was out.

He had always avoided hard work with a sort of feline fastidiousness. Until now, the nearest he had come to it was a splitting headache. To the horror of the situation was added the indignity of the anklets. He had worn bracelets lightly now and then when attending legal functions, but by no amount of philosophy could these barbaric pedal adornments be worn lightly.

Rudolph clawed the air briefly. There was a look of intense surprise on his face

HE GROANED inaudibly as his pick drew parabolas of slow motion in the ovenlike air. The palms of his hands were a mass of blisters and every joint in his body creaked with its own small voice. The sunrays bombarded his aching back with a thousand invisible darts. Every pore exuded moisture until it seemed that it would be but a matter of moments when his 120 pounds must dissolve into a gentle puff of vapor and mix forever with the elements.

He glanced at his cellmate next to him, a glum-looking gentleman with faun-like tufted ears and a brow that appeared to have at some time come in violent contact with an immovable overhead object when its owner was traveling at a high rate of speed. The gentleman was known unofficially as Rubberhose Rudolph, because of his humane method of inducing catalepsy in his victims by rapping them smartly behind the ears with an eighteen-inch length of four-ply garden hose. The unexpected recuperative powers of an intended victim was responsible for Rudy's fling at road engineering.

Deep down in his heart Bat despised the fellow. However, one may choose one's friends; relatives are given us by a providence more or less divine, but cellmates are thrust upon us. Bat was an aristocrat of his profession. He had a code not quite like that of Mr. Blackstone, but it was a manly code. He always gave his clients a run for their money.

Rudolph, catching Bat's glance, squinted at the guard with the large headgear, then leaned forward. Conversing out of the side of one's mouth is an art. Standing within ten feet of the two men, the most delicately attuned ear would have caught not a single scrap of the small talk that poured from the corners of each man's lips in a steady stream like the soft droning of far-off bees. Each had served a bare thirty days of his six months' sentence, and their discussion was a means and ways to reduce the remaining five months to the smallest common denominator, by French leave or homicide—or both.

BAT was for rushing the two guards without further ado and taking the rifles away from them but for some obscure reason Rudolph held his life dearly. His small shifty eyes regarded both widely separated rifle barrels at once.

"Know anything about a car?" he whispered.

"Only a lotta bum jokes," said Bat as he sank his pick to the hilt into the gravel bank.

"We'll hafter hoof it, then," Rudolph muttered.

Bat regarded the two lengths of long chain festooned between his legs.

"If I had no (*Continued on page 34*)

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The Jolts that Count

By Grantland Rice

Everything is hunky-dory as long as you win. But Gene Tunney might never have been champion if he hadn't taken a beating from Greb. One bad defeat showed Bobby Jones how to become a great golfer. You don't learn by winning. Lessons learned in defeat are valuable; corrected mistakes often bring victory

BILL INGRAM and Chick Meehan, head coaches of the Navy and New York University football teams, were discussing the recent season from their own individual viewpoints. They had known almost opposite seasons. Ingram's team had started with three defeats and had finished in a swirl of football glory. Meehan's team had romped violently on its first opponents and had wound up the season in defeat.

"I think," Bill Ingram remarked to Meehan, "I had one advantage over you."

"In what respect?" asked Meehan.

"What do you and your team learn most from—victory or defeat?" Ingram countered.

"No argument there," said Meehan. "You learn almost nothing from a victory. You get all your information from defeat. When you win you forget most of your mistakes. If the coach doesn't he still has a hard time impressing these mistakes on his team. But when you are beaten you begin taking stock. And it is much easier then to show these mistakes to a team."

"That's the entire answer to my first statement," the Navy coach said. "We lost our first three games to Davis-Elkins, Boston College and Notre Dame. In each of those games there was just one play that would have made all the difference in the world. In each of those games we made a mistake that I would hardly have noticed if we had won.

"We corrected these mistakes after three defeats and from that point on we went ahead without losing another game, beating Pennsylvania and Princeton.

"Suppose we had won those three games in spite of our mistakes. They might have gone uncorrected and either Pennsylvania or Princeton might have beaten us."

"I know exactly what you mean," the New York University coach answered. "We were not handling the ball as well as we should have handled it up to the Georgetown game. But we were winning by big scores so this mistake had never become prominent. But when it cost us a football game there was another story. We put intensive drilling upon the correction of this error and there was a big change in the Missouri and Carnegie battles. It took a defeat to show what this mistake meant. If we had beaten Georgetown anyway this error might not have been corrected."

Illustrated by Frank Hopkins

The Stanford team was another example. This team was much stronger than its season's record made it appear. Certain mistakes cost the Southern California game and later on brought about a desperate battle to tie California. Pop Warner had been unable to get his material to function as it should have. He could point out mistakes, but Stanford was winning at the time. The defeat by Southern California and the tie with California finally put his team in the right mental attitude to see the error of its ways. When it struck the Army these mistakes had been talked over again and corrected and the Army was in front of a cyclone.

Bobby Jones Learns to Putt

This same thing applies to almost every game. I was talking not long ago with Bobby Jones. "I was playing about as good golf ten years ago," he said, "as I have been playing since. My driving was as good and my iron play was better. But I couldn't win. I was making the type of mistake that costs you the match. For example, I knew my putting wasn't as good as it should be, but I would have good days and bad days, so I let it go. It wasn't until I had nine three-putt greens in my first round at the Columbia Club course in the 1921 Open that I saw the light.

"With two putts to each green I could easily have had a 68. I might have done better still. But those nine wasted putts ran my score up to 77 and put me out of the championship. I might have gone on just the same if I had putted fairly well with only two or three three-putt greens. But the beating I handed myself within a few yards of the cup taught me a lesson at last.

"I began at once to experiment with my putter. I worked out several different angles, but none seemed to suit. I finally decided to keep my heels close together, less than an inch apart and to work for better relaxation and greater comfort while stroking the ball.

"The next year at Skokie I wasn't hitting the ball nearly as well as I had been hitting it at Columbia the summer before. But my putting began saving strokes in place of throwing them away, and I finished only a stroke from the top, just back of Sarazen."

Since Jones learned his lesson from the downfall at Columbia he has won two U. S. Open titles and two British Open events. He had merely been uneven in his putting up to 1921. It took a crash to start him on the right road.

"You can't learn much when you are winning," he said recently. "Nearly everyone has the feeling when he is winning that there is nothing to bother about. I had to take a good many hard beatings before I began to learn. They were not much fun. I might have won some of those early matches and in winning them I might have lost some of the others later on. If I had been champion at 19 I might have decided there was nothing more to learn. Now I know that I still have a long way to go. They stopped me every time I started in a big one for seven years but those seven years of defeat were teaching me something that seven years of winning never could have taught."

"What about the boxing game in this respect?" I asked Jimmy Bronson, who helped to direct Gene Tunney's destiny in three of his biggest fights.

Tunney's Costly Errors

"It's the same way there," Bronson said, "but you have to be careful about the type of beating. A young fighter can take a beating that might easily ruin his career for all time. If he is matched where he gets battered up and knocked out by someone beyond his class he may never get his confidence back. But Tunney learned more from his first Greb fight than ever before.

"He had been winning steadily when he struck Greb. But he had not been improving much. He was winning, so there was nothing to worry about. But when Greb fell on him like a tornado that night and belted him all over the ring, Gene had stumbled over a new experience. If I hadn't known he was dead game I would have figured this terrific beating as the end of his boxing road.

"The next Greb fight was an improvement, but he was not quite satisfied. He decided then that a counter body bombardment would do the work. After that he had Greb's measure. Tunney made a costly mistake in each of his Dempsey fights. He had a bad habit of leaving himself too open as he came off the ropes. He was nailed in the neck at Philadelphia and nearly dropped. He was knocked down and almost beaten in Chicago. After that he went to work on these faults and when he faced Tom Heeney he made no mistake of any sort.

It might have been a good thing for Tuffy Griffith, a promising young fighter, if he had been knocked down at least once and beaten at least once before he met Braddock in New York. Griffith had won 55 consecutive fights, most of them by knockouts. He had never been off his feet. A careless right hand lead left him an open target and Braddock knocked him down with a heavy smash. If Griffith had been knocked down and dazed earlier in his career he might have had a lesson to work from. As it was he staggered up at the count of two, in place of taking seven extra seconds for the count of nine.

An individual or a team that can't learn from defeat isn't going to learn from anything. Winning is much the more pleasant experience. But if there is tougher going on ahead it isn't the best of all teachers.

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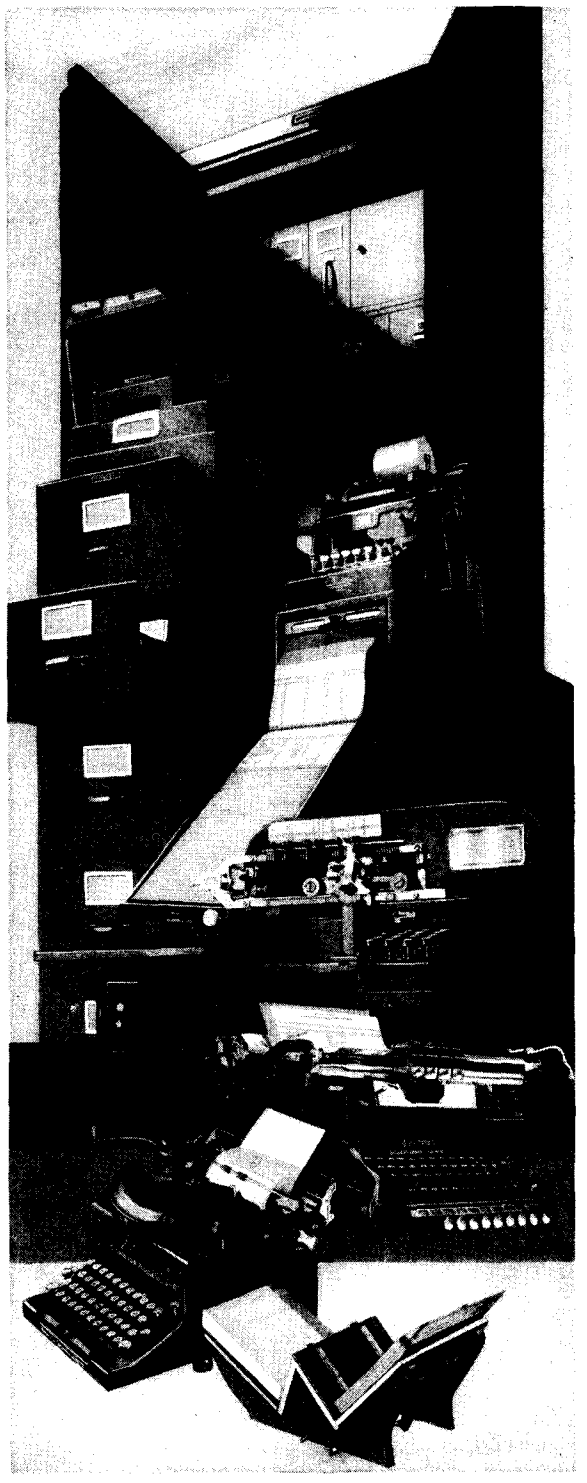

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Jewels of Little Price

By Marie Beynon Ray

If a neat emerald, costing, say, $15,000, is a bit steep for you, how about a tourmaline at around $150? And substitutes for diamonds abound. You can flash a "ruby" that will fool anyone but an expert. Beauty is not bought by the carat

An Amsterdam diamond cutter at work. The stone is imbedded in cement and is cut by another diamond

"ONCE to every man" comes the moment that can be met only with a diamond; and to his way of thinking, that diamond, though but the size of a pin prick, must be as genuine as Kimberley makes 'em and as pure as the unfallen snow. But there are other lesser moments, pretty petitioning a gem that his pride would like to chip from the Cullinan but that his check book whispers must cost well within the three-figure mark. So—what to do?

The lady, it seems, is passionately fond of green—and that means emeralds. Or perhaps her eyes are midnight blue—the very tint of sapphires. Expensive eyes! Or nothing, perhaps, becomes her, with her brunette beauty, like the danger-signal flash of rubies.

He makes, perhaps, a few feeble inquiries as to price—and decides it would be fairer all around to marry her and put that money into a home. An emerald thinks nothing at all of costing $3,000 a carat (and anyone who knows how infinitesimal a carat is may laugh that off), and it may cost up to $6,000 a carat. For $80,000 or $90,000 you ought to be able to get a fair-sized emerald with not very many flaws in it.

Rubies (the best) go at $4,500 per carat—and who wants a carat? Sapphires come cheap—around $2,000 a carat—but we wouldn't advise any man to walk proudly in with just one carat. Gems today are more acceptably spoken of in terms of ounces!

Of course, there's the common or back-yard diamond—just the plain white variety—the kind that pours from South Africa like an indestructible, inexhaustible Niagara, bought by the bucketful and sold by the $400,000,000 worth a year into the United States alone. Now, one ought to be able to get a neat little diamond—one of those crystallized drops from that stupendous waterfall—for a few months' salary. Well, the white ones cost $3,500 a carat—the best, of course; but if one goes in for the hothouse, out-of-season kind—the green, red and blue—one might just as well try to buy a few yards of blue sky and present them to the lady for a simple little dance frock.

Stones of all four kinds of fine, though not exceptional, quality are proportionately lower in value, the emerald and ruby being $1,000 per carat; the sapphire and diamond, $500 to $700. But what's a carat on a lady's finger—or even in her ear—today? Anything less than twelve carats for a ring is niggardly. One might throw it over a transom and then quickly disappear, but one could never present it, carried by a page, on a velvet cushion.

This is not a day of dozens of rings running from knuckle to knuckle, each ring a cluster of small stones. It isn't a day of the short necklace of tiny teardrop pearls, nor the dog collar made up of an infinite number of tiny stones. No, it is a day of one enormous solitaire of superb quality blazing like a traffic signal on the ring finger, of a quarter of a yard of bracelets averaging $10,000 per inch (or $90,000 for one arm dressed to go out for the evening), or cascades of pearls and rivulets of diamonds. And what is a man to do about that when he wishes to remember a birthday or commemorate an anniversary?

The Requisites of Preciousness

Well, we wouldn't ask that question if we weren't ready with the answer. Naturally a man (noble creature!) thinks only in terms of precious stones, and of these there are but four—the diamond, the emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby. Also (not a stone, but oh, how precious!) there is the pearl. But that doesn't by any means exhaust the supply of gems. It's not even a beginning.

There are only four precious stones, true; but there are many semiprecious ones—in the neighborhood of a hundred of them, and, counting all the forms and colors in which they appear, considerably over a hundred. Now a semiprecious gem doesn't mean a near-gem: something halfway between an imitation and the real thing. Not at all. A semiprecious stone is just as genuine a gem as a diamond is.

Then what, you may well ask, is the difference between a precious and a *semiprecious stone*? Why is the ruby precious and the opal not? Why is the sapphire precious and the amethyst not? It's a question of "points," as in judging a horse, and the principal points to be considered are these: hardness, brilliancy, beauty, durability and rarity.

The diamond possesses all these points to the *n*th degree and is made supreme over all gems by a hardness possessed by no other known form of matter on this or any other planet, so far as we know. Second, in order of hardness, come the ruby and sapphire, and third comes the emerald. According to these points, gems—all of which are equally the products of nature—are rated as precious or semiprecious.

The opal, though supremely beautiful, is counted out because of its comparative fragility. The pearl, though it lacks superlative hardness and, as I said, is not a stone, has far more durability than the opal, and is therefore counted precious. In addition to these points, fashion and demand have much to do with the rating of stones. It is, after all, a beauty contest, and opinions of beauty change.

In past centuries standards of preciousness in stones have varied as much as standards of feminine loveliness. At different times lapis lazuli, agate, the amazon stone, garnet, hematite, jasper, coral, opal, jade and turquoise have been ranked as precious, but, due to a variety of causes, of recent years only five gems have, in the last analysis, made the grade.

This is where the solution of our gallant gentleman's problem lies. The more we learn about semiprecious stones (all of which are mined in the earth and are of the same sort of chemical combination as the precious stones) the more we realize what they can do for us. Not only are many of them as beautiful in their own right as the precious stones, but they can most cleverly understudy these prima donnas among the jewels.

Madame, let's say, is one of those ladies of fashion who doesn't wish to wear amethysts when the style is for emeralds. Madame wants emeralds (good heavens, at $6,000 a carat!) and scoffs at imitations—for any man-made gem you can buy, call it reconstructed, call it synthetic, call it any baffling name you choose, is, after all, only an imitation. Well, Madame shall have her emeralds—at least they shall be emeralds to all the world but herself, her jeweler and the gallant gentleman who foots the bill.

Did you ever hear of tourmaline? It is a heavenly stone of utter purity and frequently of a green so unholy as to deceive any but the most expert into believing it an emerald. Such a stone is well able to play the rôle of the emerald, blazing with all the spectacular, insolent beauty of the prima donna jewel. But the selection of this understudy to the emerald must be no haphazard business.

Not all tourmalines look like emeralds and not all jewelers have tourmalines of this unusual shade and quality. Not all jewelers will know—or admit—just how closely this jewel of little price can approach in splendor the jewel of great price. Not all will have experts who will help you compare, point for point, the one stone with the other.

The thing to do is to pick out an emerald of quite extraordinary quality and price, then to ask to see tourmalines that will approach that peculiar, evil, utterly satisfactory green. As you gradually become a bit of an expert in gem colors yourself, you'll see that there is, after all, a noticeable difference between the two greens when they're hugging each other, but it's just that shade of difference that makes an emerald worth thousands of dollars per carat and the tourmaline only $10.

The Imperfect Emerald

There are also emeralds which cost only $10 a carat—genuine emeralds, as truly emeralds as those which cost $6,000 a carat—but so flawed and washed-out-looking are they that they are practically worthless. Just a tinge more or less of coloring matter in a gem, and a difference of thousands of dollars in price is established. A good tourmaline comes far closer to the desired emerald green than a poor emerald. (*Continued on page 36*)

Drilling pearls in Ceylon. This is an extremely delicate operation

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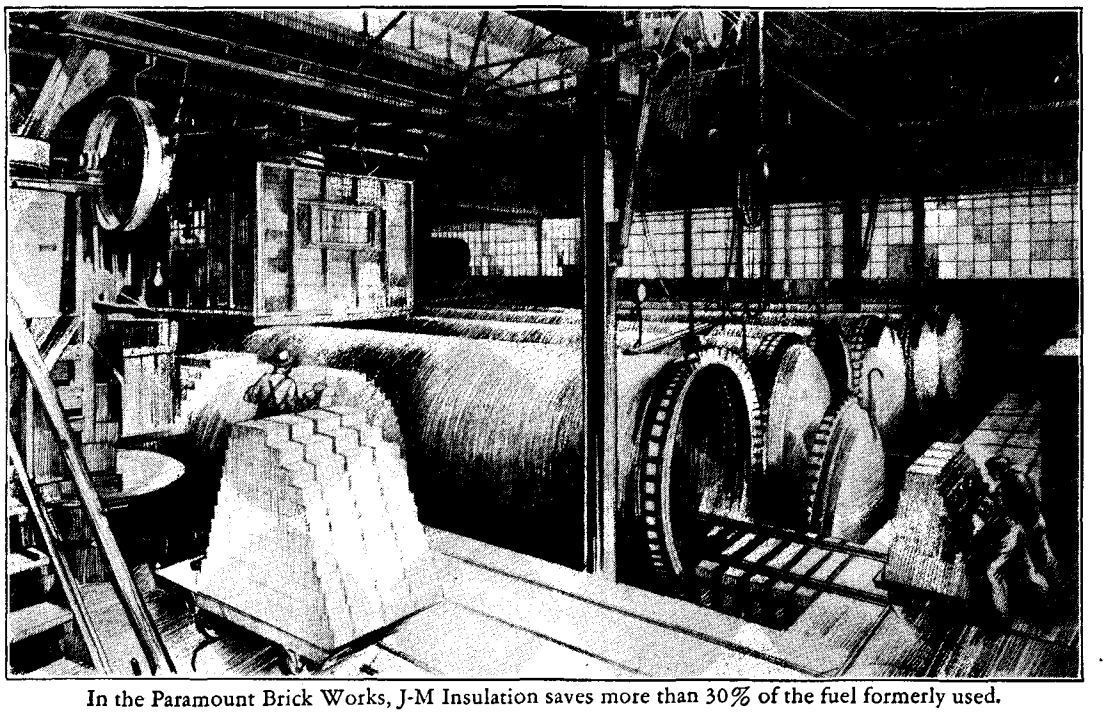

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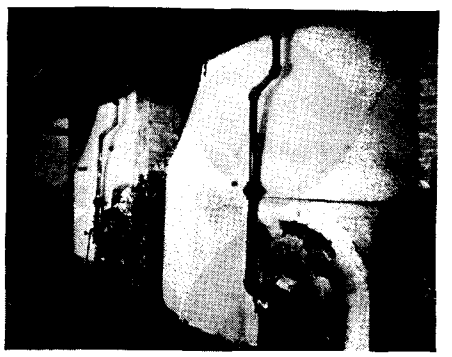

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Man at Work

Continued from page 7

Mr. Hustwick and friends to the police. He made scathing remarks. He called the harshest sort of names. He accused the police of bribery, graft, corruption and general unsuitability in modern society, and police officers tiptoed in from other parts of the station and listened with grave interest.

Presently, Mr. Greenway was arrested in the police station for disorderly conduct and placed in a cell, where he remained overnight, and once again the newspapers sharpened up their irony and gave out the interesting news that Abraham Lincoln was in jail again.

A hurrying judge decided to make an example of Ralph Greenway. His Honor stated that things were coming to a pretty pass if a movie actor thought he could stroll into an honest police station and begin rioting on the premises, and so he sentenced the offender to ten days on the rock pile.

IT WAS publicity for the coming photoplay, but of a highly unwelcome nature, and Mr. John O'Day, requiring his actor, finally rescued him as he was about to begin cracking boulders. A saddened and remorseful Greenway returned to the studio to take up his life-work and amid the turmoil of his recent cares he forgot the existence of one Chichester Smith, who was still on the pay roll, idle, scorned, a drone in the hive.

Again Mr. Greenway entered the gate and looked for mail, and again Chichester removed his hands from his pockets and his gum from his mouth. Sadly he shuffled over and sadly he gazed upon the wan, Lincolnian countenance.

"On account of me being taught to revere Abraham Lincoln," Chichester said hoarsely and the long arm swung again.

This time, he broke loose two back teeth for Mr. Greenway and laid him so flat on the pavement that wagers were made concerning his ultimate revival. He was out for five minutes. Again he was carried to his quarters and the studio surgeon patched him up and looked at the vacant place where his teeth had been.

Strangely enough, Chichester Smith was not even threatened with loss of his job. In fact, when John O'Day heard of the new assault, he looked solemn and expressed passing sorrow over the fact that Mr. Smith had not knocked out all of the Greenway teeth. It was two days before the star could go on with his leading rôle and during those hours of recuperation he developed a strong fear complex. Mr. Ralph Greenway became a changed man. He almost became two changed men. His spirit departed, broken, and his soul curled up within him. It cost him sixty dollars for new teeth and he walked in discretion. No longer did he enter the studio through the main gateway, but took to sneaking in by side doors and riding in on freight trucks. Even though he had permanently reformed and meant never again to drag an historical character in the dust of unpleasant publicity—even though he was now a good boy, he feared the main entrance, for there stood always the sinister figure of C. Smith, and it was Greenway's conviction that Chichester would hit a man on the jaw with or without cause, mire or no mire.

Not once in the weeks that followed did the Greenway foot slip from the straight and narrow.

When Honest Abe was assembled, previewed, recut and whipped along toward its final form, it was quite plain that the company had another winner, a solid, substantial piece of property, a picture that would sail out into the world and create fame for all and money for some. Smiling executives called Mr. Gilfillan before them for kind words.

"You have done splendidly, Gil," Mr. O'Day declared, patting the director upon the shoulder. "You took your first big one and handled it like a veteran."

"I hope the public will like it," said Mr. Gilfillan.

"They will, my boy," said the pleased official. "They'll simply love it. It will do you a world of good and set you among the tested top-notchers."

Gil almost blushed, and he is not a blushing man.

"To be sure," added V. P. Grogan, "we had a little trouble with it. We had to expect that. Show me a real big picture that gets made without trouble."

"You mean Greenway?"

"Greenway was a pest," said O'Day, "and I want to compliment you in particular on the skill with which you handled a fellow who is notoriously difficult. He might have run us into a huge scandal and ruined the picture. In the hands of a less capable director, he might have run wild."

Gil laughed.

"He didn't slow us up much," he said cheerfully, "and now that we're all friends together, I don't see why you shouldn't know about it."

"About what?"

"Well, I'm a pretty smart lad, although I've heard you say otherwise. I knew we'd have to play Greenway as Abe Lincoln and I also knew he was poison, him and his playful habits. It was about that time I decided to hire Chichester Smith, which, as you gentlemen may recall, caused quite a bit of talk hereabouts."

He glanced smilingly at the circle and especially at Mr. Ronald De Long, general manager.

"I may say now," he continued, "that Chichester, while a pretty good guy, is not a poor relation of mine, or any relation at all. He is a fellow that used to do a little boxing in his youth, when he was a fair hitter. I realized that when we once hired Ralph Greenway, we couldn't fire him. He had to go through to the bitter end. And I could not personally smack him down, because he would sue me and this company for a million dollars and win it. But if there was a poor, insignificant, irresponsible employee around the place who happened to be fond of Abe Lincoln and could hit freely—"

GIL paused and the circle laughed in happy surprise.

"Gil," said the boss of the studio, "there are times when I think you are touched with true genius."

"And now that Honest Abe is in the can," returned the director, "there is nothing left for Chichester to do."

He looked meaningly at John O'Day and the others and coughed slightly.

"Still and all," remarked Manager De Long, "there isn't any use firing the man. We might be able to use him somehow. He could be useful."

"That's right," Gil agreed amiably. "He could, at that."

Outside in the sunshine, Mr. Chichester Smith sauntered slowly, chewing gum and perspiring. His ears were redder than ever and protruded as always and a couple of snippy extra girls paused to laugh at the grotesque figure that was still in the movies, and would probably continue to be for some time to come.

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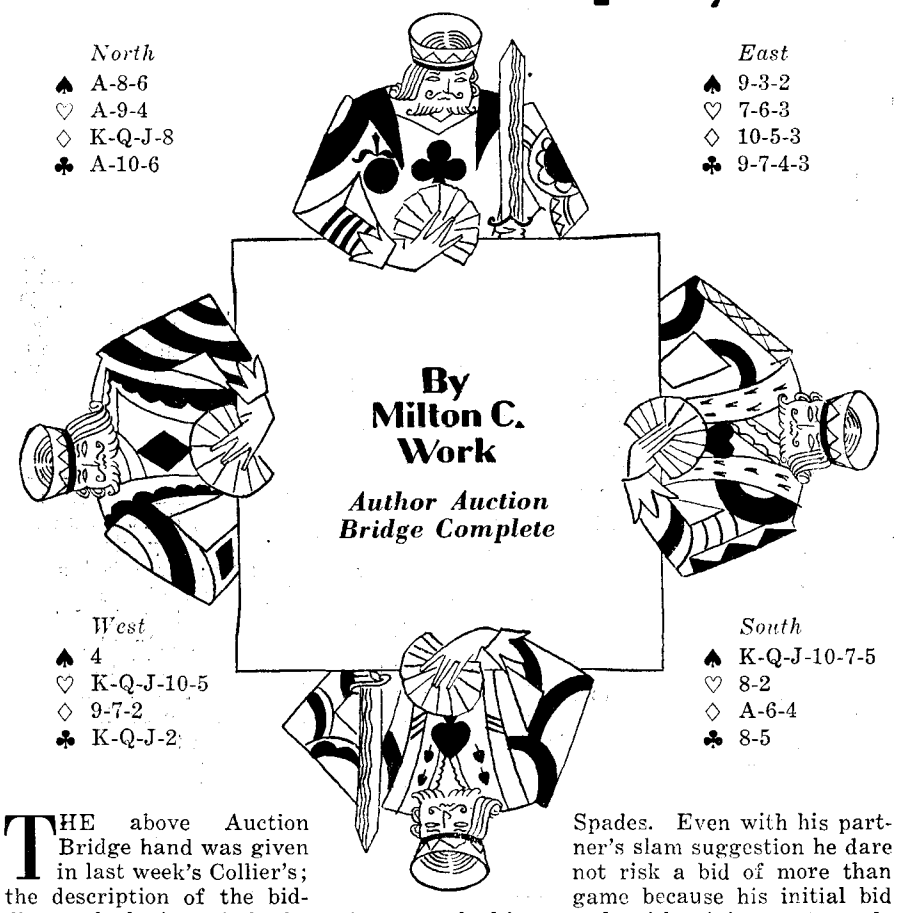
How would You play it?



North
♠ A-8-6
♡ A-9-4
◇ K-Q-J-8
♣ A-10-6

East
♠ 9-3-2
♡ 7-6-3
◇ 10-5-3
♣ 9-7-4-3

By Milton C. Work

Author Auction Bridge Complete

West
♠ 4
♡ K-Q-J-10-5
◇ 9-7-2
♣ K-Q-J-2

South
♠ K-Q-J-10-7-5
♡ 8-2
◇ A-6-4
♣ 8-5

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description of the bidding and playing of the hand is given below:

The Auction

With six Spades headed by four honors, South naturally would think of a preëmpting bid, but his hand as a whole was worth exactly six tricks with Spades the trump and therefore three or more Spades would be a distinct case of overbidding. A bid of two of a suit shows Ace-King-Queen at the head of six, which this hand does not contain. So he bid one Spade. West bid two hearts.

North's hand was too strong for preemption, so he bid two Spades.

East passed. West was strong enough to bid three Hearts (with his honor score he could afford to go down one or even two); but North then bid three Spades, securing the contract.

This hand affords the opportunity for very interesting bidding in Contract Bridge as I saw it played. South started by bidding two Spades, feeling justified in the bid of more than one because he would take six tricks with Spades the trump and had the length to rebid Spades if his partner denied the suit. West bid three Hearts; it was dangerous but he did not need much support from East to make game at Hearts.

North, sensing a slam, was anxious to show his partner the slam probabilities. Of course he could bid six Spades immediately, but he feared that his partner's side strength might be the King and Queen of Clubs (it must be that or the Ace of Diamonds) and if South did not hold the Ace of Diamonds, the combined North and South hands might lose the Ace of Diamonds and one or even two Hearts. North therefore resorted to the strategy of bidding four Hearts. In this case the bid was really a false one because at Contract, bidding one more of the adverse suit means: "My hand coupled with your bid looks to me as if we had a good chance to make a slam" (this much of the information was accurate) "and playing at Spades you will not lose a Heart trick" (this much of the information might not be accurate). But North felt that his unusual strength justified the departure.

Over the four Hearts South bid four Spades. Even with his partner's slam suggestion he dare not risk a bid of more than game because his initial bid had been made with minimum strength. West passed; but North, fertile with ideas, bid five Clubs so South could show whether he had the all-important Ace of Diamonds. If not, South would bid five Spades for the contract. South bid five Diamonds, having the Ace; and North then bid six Spades, at which the hand was played.

The Play

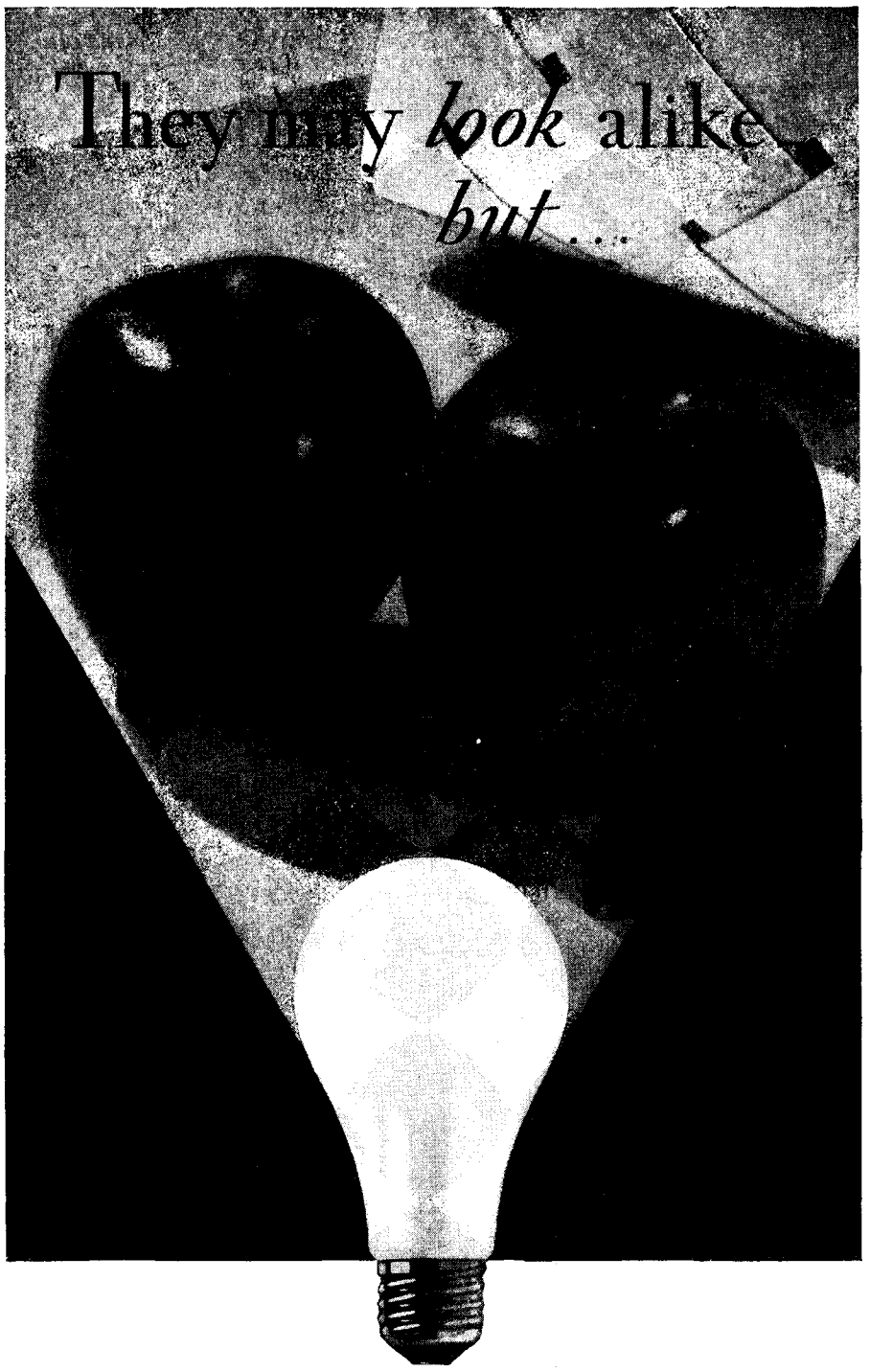
West, to trick 1, led the King of Hearts, which North took with the Ace; and tricks 2 to 4 were Spades (trumps), exhausting the adversaries. On the last two of these tricks West discarded one Heart and one Diamond. Then Declarer led four rounds of Diamonds, discarding his losing Heart from the Closed Hand on the fourth round. West followed to two Diamonds and then discarded a Club and a Heart.

Trick 9, Declarer led the Four of Hearts from Dummy, trumping it in Closed Hand, and next applied the squeeze play.

He led two trumps from Closed Hand to tricks 10 and 11. On the first of these tricks West discarded the Jack of Clubs, North the Six of Clubs; but on the second the squeeze became effective. If West discarded a Club, North would discard his Nine of Hearts and his Ace and Ten of Clubs would be good for the last two tricks; if West discarded a Heart, North would discard his Ten of Clubs, get in with his Ace of Clubs, and cash his then winning Nine of Hearts. North and South consequently picked up an extra trick and made thirteen tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 9-7-4	S. 8-6-5-3
H. K-8-5-2	H. 9-6-4
D. A-7-5-2	D. Q-6-3
C. 10-6	C. K-7-2
West	*South*
S. Q-10-2	S. A-K-J
H. Q-7-3	H. A-J-10
D. 9-8	D. K-J-10-4
C. Q-J-9-5-4	C. A-8-3



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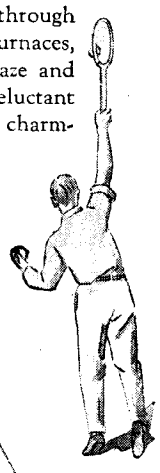

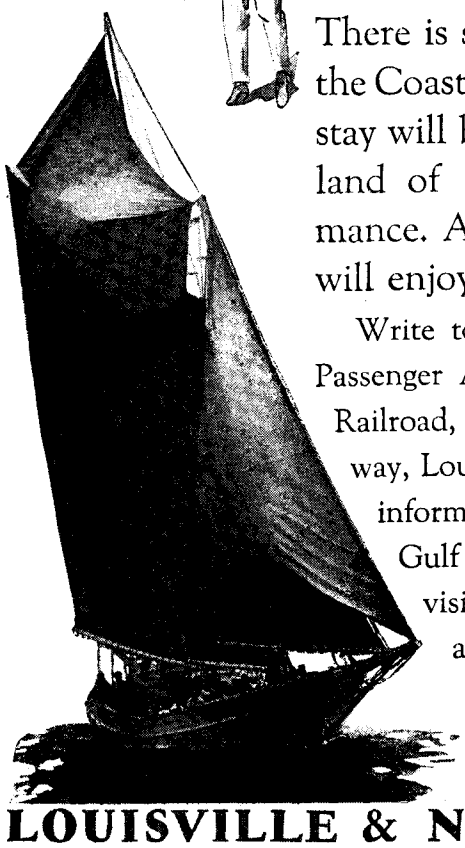

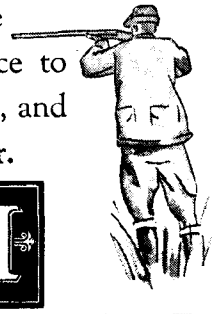

L&N

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R·R

At Sea

Continued from page 19

Hardy's pocket was crushed by his entire weight against the table edge, that the minute hand might be shoved backward?"

"Thank you," said Foo and smiled.

"It might be so," replied Andrews. "Isn't there anything else you might tell us of this affair, Mr. Foo?"

"Not another thing, Captain."

"Thank you, then. Mr. Duval, will you come up, please?"

Duval was young, jaunty, assured. But beneath his jauntiness and assuredness and the brave gayety of his attire, a close observer—and Captain Andrews was just that—could see a strained tenseness. Mrs. Duval watched him, white-faced. And behind her, and all through the examination that followed, Costello watched her.

"WHAT is your full name, Mr. Duval, and your business?" Andrews began.

"James Duval, sir. I and the wife do a dancing act in vaudeville."

"Why are you going to England?"

"Well, we just finished forty weeks on the big time and things is quiet in the summer. A lot of houses close, y'know, and we heard that hoofers was gettin' heavy dough in England. They tell us that any kinda jazz—music or dancing—knocks the crowned heads for a row of Abie's Irish Roses ever since Paul Whiteman was over."

"Please describe, Mr. Duval, what you know about the assault of Hardy."

"Well, we was just hitting the hay—'s matter of fact, the wife was in the feathers—when the big war started and after a minute or two I went out to get the dirt. When I got there, you and Miss Green was bathing Hardy's head. That's all I know. Oh, yes, the Rev. was getting an eyeful too. So was Foo."

"Did anything happen on your way to Hardy's cabin?"

"Not a thing. Nothing a-tall."

"What did you have on deposit?"

"A stickpin—a good one too."

"Worth how much?"

"About $2,000."

"Did you tell Miss Green that it was worth $5,000?"

Jennifer started, a little indignant that a conversation she had thought confidential with the captain was being brought out. Duval did not seem to mind in the least.

"Well, I never give myself any the worst of it with a good-looking lady."

"How much was it actually worth?"

Duval hesitated a moment.

"Well, Uncle said he'd advance me two grand on that and a ring of the wife's, and that only cost $300."

Suddenly Mrs. Duval spoke up.

"Jimmy, tell him the truth."

Andrews rather expected him to resent this. He did not, however. Instead he became shamefaced and markedly uneasy. His voice was keyed considerable lower during the ensuing colloquy:

"Well, Cap, I don't know exactly what it was worth. I bought it from a ham in Detroit who was on his uppers. I give him $385 for it."

"Duval, you've been evasive and untruthful." Andrews' deliberate manner changed. His questions became brutal and direct. He had an infinitely greater force in him than Duval—and the latter wilted at once. "Now stop lying! You know something about this matter. I want none but straightforward and truthful answers. Your stateroom is right next to Hardy's. Couldn't you hear what went on?"

"No, Captain, I couldn't. I couldn't, honestly. There was a lot of noise, but I couldn't make out what it was."

"You haven't told me all you know."

"Honest, I have, Captain."

"Didn't you attack Hardy?"

A swift terror ran over Duval's face. "No, no, no! I never—"

"Didn't you club Hardy?"

"I didn't, Captain. I wouldn't."

"Didn't you club Hardy?" Andrews' voice was savage, and he seemed at the point of springing at his witness. Duval had gone utterly and suddenly to seed. He had no adequate defense but his glib speech—and the captain walked through that as though it were tissue paper. He was at the point of tears.

"I couldn't, Captain. I—"

Jennifer broke in quickly. Her voice was low, but vibrant with insolence:

"Captain Andrews, don't be an ass! The man has answered you."

Now Andrews was not a fool, and he was reasonably sure that she knew he wasn't. The rage he had simulated in suddenly lashing out at Duval was simply an attempt to break him down and see if he knew anything. Therefore he realized that Jennifer had interrupted merely to gain time.

This is precisely what Jennifer had tried to do. She had seen Mrs. Duval's face, and something had induced her to intercede more in her behalf than in that of her husband. She hadn't even considered what she would say. She had simply struck out swiftly.

Andrews' answer was so mild, it astonished her. It was as though she had struck at a stone wall and found it a pillow.

"I heard him, Miss Green."

Jennifer colored. She felt rather ridiculous and could think of no adequate reply. She sat silent. Costello came to her rescue.

"Duval, did you ever know anyone in Buffalo named Jimmy Sweeney?"

Duval's answer was so low as to be scarcely audible: "Yes."

Suddenly and surprisingly Mrs. Duval interrupted. Her voice was shrill and not far from hysteria: "Yes, he's Jimmy Sweeney. Duval isn't his name —nor mine either. What difference does that make? He's been on the level for six years. I know. I'm his wife. He pulled a bone-head play when he was a twenty-year-old kid. Are you going to ride him forever?"

JENNIFER caught her arm. Mrs. Duval burst out weeping and sank in her chair. Duval was whimpering. "Don't, Molly. Don't cry, Molly," he kept saying. He did not get up.

Andrews finally broke in:

"Is Mrs. Duval correct? Have you served a prison term?"

"Yes."

"What was the offense?"

"I and another kid found a back window open in a cigar store. We went in to swipe some cigarettes. We found some jack—about $400—in the cash register. We took it." Duval's voice was colorless and dejected.

"What happened then? Isn't it usual to parole boy first offenders?"

"The boss of the store caught us coming out. We beat him up so we could make a get-away. We got away, but the cops picked us both up. The guy said he was hurt bad, so the judge give us a ride. I done a year."

"What other trouble have you been in?"

"None. Not ever." His voice took on a little animation. "Honest, that was the only job I ever pulled, and I wouldn't have done that if I'd stopped to think about it. That four hundred berries looked like all the money in the world, and I snatched it."

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Andrews considered a moment, a little at a loss. The man told an unprepossessing story, but he told it convincingly. He decided that Costello, with his greater experience in dealing with crooks, would know the type better than he did. If he was concealing anything, Costello might shake it out. He turned him over to the detective.

"Sweeney, when you was in Auburn did you know a fellow named Rogers—'Chinese' Rogers?"

DUVAL manifestly hesitated a space before replying:

"Yes."

"How well did you know him?"

"Not very well."

"Did he ever tell you about a swell scheme he had for getting away with the goods?"

"I don't remember."

"Didn't he ever tell you that his idea was to take a lot of homing pigeons and train them. He was going to take nothing but light, valuable stuff in any jobs he turned—big bills, rings, stickpins and so forth. Then he was going to attach them in a little case to the legs of the pigeons—one article to each pigeon—and release them. He'd go home and find his loot in his pigeon house?"

"Eh—yes, I remember that." Duval seemed to recollect with some difficulty.

"Ever see him since you left Auburn?"

"No."

"Ever hear of him?"

"I—I don't think so. Maybe." He hesitated. "Yes, I did. I heard a long time ago that he'd worked that scheme. I didn't believe it, though."

"You haven't heard anything else since then?"

"No, not a thing."

"All right. You can get down unless Captain Andrews wants to talk to you."

Andrews spoke up promptly: "That'll be all, Duval. Miss Green, will you come forward, please?"

Jennifer's voice was pleasant and unmoved as she replied, "I will not."

Captain Andrews' brow contracted slightly, and his face reddened. "I'm afraid I must insist, Miss Green."

"Captain Andrews, this proceeding is senseless. One gentleman has directed an absurd suspicion at myself. Another has been browbeaten into a shaming, unnecessary confession which has not advanced your quest. I refuse to be made a party to a ridiculous proceeding." Her face was as pale as that of the captain's was crimson.

His voice was quite even when he talked, however: "Miss Green, I'm afraid you do not quite understand. This is not a trial. We are, every one of us, under suspicion of an incredibly dirty assault — possibly of murder. There are seven people in this room. Ignoring Mr. Costello, who wasn't aboard when this crime was committed, there are six. Five of those six have had nothing to do with this job. All right. Who's the sixth man—or woman? You can surely see the necessity of determining that."

His voice became a little sterner, though there was still a note of supplication in it: "You must see too, Miss Green, that whoever refuses any pertinent testimony lays himself—or herself—open to suspicion. Listen a moment. Dr. Hornsby says that he observed you directly after Hardy's assault in a passageway removed from your own. He says that he saw an empty bird cage in your hand. Mr. Costello has apparently hinted at a method of disposing of loot by carrier pigeons. There is an implied connection between an empty bird cage and released pigeons.

"Lastly"—and here Andrews' voice slowed impressively—"lastly, every single article that was taken was light enough in weight to be carried by a pigeon on a short flight."

Again the same tenseness manifested itself throughout the gathering. Apparently none but Costello and Andrews had pieced together the various hints into the plausible supposition the captain was now unfolding.

Jennifer did not hesitate in replying. Forgetting her protest against testifying, she snapped back: "This is absurd, Captain Andrews. I stumbled over a bird cage on a dimly lighted deck and picked it up. I walked through an unfamiliar corridor with it in my hand and Dr. Hornsby saw me. It wasn't mine. I have it in my stateroom now. It's a peculiar cage—and larger than usual. It has Chinese lettering on—"

Mrs. Duval interrupted sharply:

"It isn't hers. It's the Chink's. I saw it in his stateroom with some pigeons in it just after I came aboard."

FOO broke in. Unobserved by anyone, except Costello, who made no move to interfere, he was standing at the door of the cabin, his hand on the knob. His voice was as urbane and smiling as his face when he spoke. The blue-black stubby barrel of a wicked-looking revolver was apparent in his hand.

"Of course it is mine. And the pigeons, they are gone. And the jewels and the money, they have flown. And so does Foo, to meet his pigeons—and your money and your jewels. Good afternoon, thank you."

He stepped quickly through the door. Andrews was on his feet, but too late. The key rasped in the lock as it was turned on the outside.

(To be concluded next week)

"Poor Joe!"

"'Smatter?"

"He was expelled from the Floating University and he couldn't swim."

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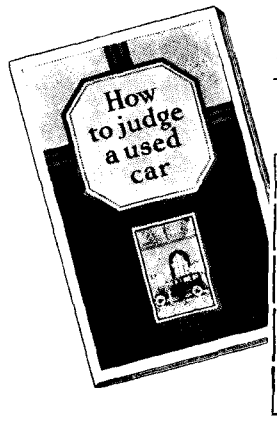

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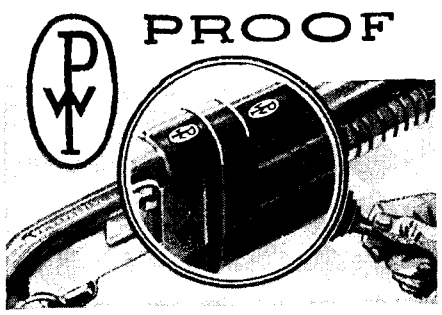

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Illegal Tender

Continued from page 22

blisters, I'd walk on me hands if I knew how!" he scoffed.

"Gettin' cold feet?" Rudy sneered.

"Wisht I was," Bat retorted. "I'd fan me neck with 'em!"

Some thirty feet from where they were working the dry wash ran under the road through a culvert of mesquite logs. The wash was merely an ugly scar carved by spring freshets on the already unlovely map of nature. Water ran in it for three or four days at a time during the rainy season, and erosion had made its banks deep and steep. Less than fifty feet from the culvert the wash took a sudden right-angle turn about a large pile of sun-baked rocks.

Rudolph suggested that if they could gain the shelter of these rocks there might be a chance of escaping. Bat measured the distance from the culvert to the pile of volcanic débris with a bilious eye. Getting there ahead of a rifle bullet with two lengths of log chain slapping at his fetlocks would be something of a feat.

He looked sidewise at Mr. Rubberhose, and asked for details. Rudolph jerked a large spatulate thumb at a deep chuck hole gnawed in the macadam of the road by the last rainstorm.

"We'll start fillin' that hole by an' by," he whispered. "It's only a jump from the culvert. We'll time ourselves so we both get to the hole with a shovelful of dirt together. Then you do a Brodie for the wash."

"Who—me?" said Bat with a start at this unwonted display of altruism.

"SURE. I'll cover yer get-away. We'll work it so that I'll be in line between you an' Shorty's gun," Rudy explained with a look in the direction of the rotund one reclining in the seat of the char-à-bancs. "He won't dast shoot for fear of hittin' innercent me, an' the curve of the bank'll protect you from Silk-Hat Harry back there."

To Bat suspicion was instinctive.

"How about yerself?" he asked gently.

"I'll get me a chanst in the rumpus over yer get-away," Rudolph replied. "Don't worry about me, pal."

Bat spat in his blistered palms.

"You do de leap fer life an' I'll do de coverin'," he suggested as he drove the shovel into the gravel with a grunt.

"I'm taller'n you," said Mr. Rubberhose, "I c'n cover you better."

"Yeh," said Bat, "I'd cover a lot, meself—stretched flat on me back wit' a lily in me mitt!"

Rudy's eyes narrowed angrily.

"Think I'm gonter double-cross a pal?" he hissed under his breath.

Bat did not reply at once. Some such unworthy thought had in fact entered his mind.

The more he subjected Rudolph's plan of deliverance to the pale light of reason, the more he became convinced that there was a large-sized horseshoe in the hand of friendship. He knew perfectly well that if a prisoner succeeded in escaping, his chances in getting out of the desert alive with the chains about his legs were almost nil. He also knew that Rudy was aware of this.

He was certain beyond a doubt that Mr. Rubberhose had a dark dank scheme up his sleeve, and when he glanced at the steep bank of the dry wash and its relation to the culvert, the scheme became plain.

Almost in the same breath it occurred to him that the plan if personally conducted might be turned to his own advantage, and earn him his freedom by legal means.

For Bat to conceive a plan was to put it into immediate execution. He admitted to Rudolph that the idea appealed to him, and the look of gratification in Mr. Rubberhose's small black eyes did not escape him.

THE two conspirators began carrying shovelfuls of dirt to the chuck hole near the culvert. At first they did not make the trips together for fear of arousing suspicion in the two guards. For a period of fifteen minutes or so they walked back and forth, apparently with the one and only thought of repairing the ravages of the last spring freshet. It might have been the seventh or eighth trip when they arrived at the hole together.

With each shovelful of dirt they worked a little nearer to the edge of the wash. Rudolph had just deposited his load of gravel where it would do the most good to their plan, and was patting it down hard and smooth. As he bent low, he whispered: "Next trip!"

Bat grunted his acquiescence as he deposited a large boulder near Mr. Rubberhose's right heel. Inserting the point of his shovel under the heel, he bore down on the handle with a quick pry, using the boulder as a fulcrum.

Rudolph clawed the air briefly. There was a look of intense surprise on his face as he tried to regain his balance and when to save himself from landing on his head he was forced to leap into the wash, his departure had all the appearance of a bid for freedom.

As he had foreseen, Shorty, the guard, did not shoot for fear of hitting innocent Bat, who stood craning his neck over the edge of the bank.

While Shorty was untangling the muzzle of his Winchester from the emergency brake, Bat dropped the boulder which he had used as a fulcrum over the bank where it came in violent contact with the back of Mr. Rubberhose's head, while Rudy was still wondering what had upset him. He gave a brief flop or two, dug his fingers into the sandy bottom of the wash and ceased speculating, as Bat said quietly to the breathless Shorty, who came shooting from the hip at nothing in particular:

"I stopped him wit' da rock."

Shorty slid down the bank, put a pair of unnecessary handcuffs on Rudy, and soused him with a canteen of water. It was a full half hour before the dazed Mr. Rubberhose was able to piece together the events that had led to his undoing.

He slept in solitary confinement for a week, and no amount of vociferous expostulation could convince the sheriff of Alkali that he wasn't guilty of having tried to escape, nor that he might have gotten away if it hadn't been for Bat's presence of mind.

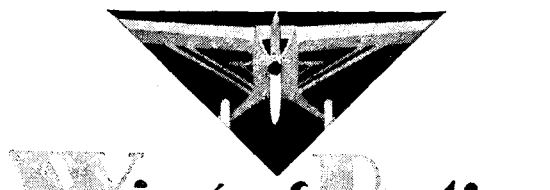
The sheriff was a kindly soul. He decided that he had misjudged the little Easterner, and he felt that some sort of recognition was due Bat for his aid in upholding the arm of the law. He was taken off the chain gang, given a private cell, and made a trusty. The little ex-pugilist sighed. He had hoped, like Rudy, for a remittance of sentence, but he decided that a bite of a loaf was better than none.

It was some two weeks later that there swept over the town of Inca one of those waves of reform and civic consciousness that is caused by the opposition being in power. Certain hard-riding gentlemen with lamb's-wool chaparrajos gathered in front of the jail and demanded of the sheriff that Bat be turned over to them. They felt that it was high time that justice was meted out to someone for the pay-roll robbery, and if Mr. Bilbo happened to be innocent it was unfortunate, if true.

THE sheriff remonstrated mildly and tried to dissuade them, but the riders were insistent, so he got Sacramento on the long-distance phone, asked for a squad of troopers, and washed his hands of the matter. He might have stood them off for a certain length of time, but in the end they would have gotten Bat and wrecked the jail into the bargain.

Mr. Bilbo was sweeping out a row of cells on the ground floor when the sheriff informed him as kindly as he knew how that there were some gentlemen outside who wished to hang him.

Bat's right hand flew to his hip pocket with the reflex movement of long years of habit.



Wings of Destiny

By George Weston

If you were dismissed in disgrace from your country's service would resentment overcome patriotism?

Could you withstand the doubts of sweetheart and friends, live in an atmosphere of dangerous intrigue and risk a traitor's death for your country?

Read this new romantic novel of the secret war in the air

in next week's Collier's

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"Gimme me gat!" was all he said.

"You might hurt someone and I'd be held responsible," the sheriff said, "they are dragging up a log from the creek for a batterin' ram."

Fear was an emotion almost unknown to Bat.

"Gimme me rod," he snapped, "an' I'll keep de coroner sittin' till Christmas."

The sheriff scratched his head. He half liked the little hard-faced stranger from beyond the Rockies.

"I can't give you no gun," he said with finality. "And I don't want my door ruined. I'm going to get the keys and let 'em in."

Bat tiptoed to the barred hall window and looked out. A score of men were dismounting from their ponies in the plaza outside.

THE sheriff returned wearing the massive key ring on his arm like a bracelet, and an expression of genuine regret on his face.

"I shore hate to do this, Old-Timer," he said.

"Lissen," said Bat, "are yer gointer give me one chanst?"

"If it ain't nothin' onlegal—"

"All right. I'll stan' behind de door. Youse tell 'em I'm in de las' cell downstairs. When dey's all inside you gives me de tip an' I dives fer one of dem horses—see?"

The sheriff smiled. The plan appealed to him. He knew just how far his little charge would get with a score of hard-riding cowmen on his trail. It was an excellent idea. It would save his face with Sacramento. He'd be able to claim with perfect truth that he had not turned the man over to the lynchers.

"Fine," he said. He pushed Bat into the corner and inserted one of the keys on the massive hoop in the door and drew the bolt. The door swung open and the men trooped in. Bat flattened himself against the wall behind it. His eyes were on the key ring sticking in the lock. His agile brain was turning handsprings. He had never been astride a horse and there were a hundred miles of waterless desert in all directions from Inca.

"You'll find him in the last cell, downstairs, gents," the sheriff said.

When the last man had filed in and the large hall was full of men making for the narrow stairway that led to the tier of cells below, Bat stepped from behind the door, jerked the key ring out of the lock and flung it into the dusty plaza. Then slammed the door shut and faced the sheriff and his callers.

"If dere's gointer to be any hanging," he said, "youse guys are gointer stick around wit' de corpse till de troopers come."

The men wheeled about as with one movement. Those who had already started down the stairs came up again. All stared at the little man, and from him to the sheriff who had slumped into a chair and was laughing rather loudly.

"Guess he's about right, boys. He fired the keys into the street and sprung the lock. Reckon you'll have to hold your necktie party right here in the jail unless you'd rather wait until the troopers come. Barrin' tire trouble they ought to be here by early afternoon."

The leader of the band strode forward and rattled the massive handle of the door.

"It's locked all right, Sam," said the sheriff, "and the keys are on the outside. Looks like we're all going to be late for lunch."

The man addressed as Sam swung around and caught Bat by the scruff of the neck. He was at least forty pounds heavier than Mr. Bilbo, and that was probably one reason why he struck the cement floor so hard. The other reason was the little ex-prizefighter's fist that came in contact with the under side of his chin with so great a force that it seemed to Sam that he was suspended in midair for a moment before he fell, while every one of his 24 teeth snapped at his brain.

"Sweet spirits of nitre," said the sheriff, "wotta slam!"

His little prisoner was standing in the middle of the floor, legs apart, head thrust forward, waiting for his adversary to recover. Sam sat up and shook himself. Then he leaped to his feet and charged.

Bat sidestepped a right, and as the little pugilist ducked he planted an earnest left behind Sam's ear that made that gentleman listen to reason for good.

The sheriff arose and drew his long-barreled pistol from its holster.

"Go downstairs and finish your janitor work, son," he said sternly. "There ain't cots enough to accommodate them all." He brought the pistol to bear on the cowmen. "You gents will kindly reach for the ceiling. That's right! A mite higher, so's there won't be no immature explosions." He reached out his hand and jerked a six-shooter from the holster of the nearest man. "Charlie, you go around and pick the shootin' irons from off your friends and drop 'em through the bars of that cell door on your left; an' don't try nothin' that'll be embarrassing to explain to the troopers."

The man called Charlie did as he was told. When the last pistol dropped through the barred grating of the locked cell door, the sheriff told them that they might lower their hands.

Four hours later a large olive-drab automobile came to a skidding stop outside the jail. A burly sergeant dismounted. Eight equally well-proportioned gentlemen carrying rifles and a machine gun arranged themselves at attention behind him.

"Open the door at once!" the sergeant shouted, "or I'll blow the lock off!"

The sheriff poked his arm through the barred hall window and pointed a lean, bony finger at the iron hoop lying in the dust at the officer's feet.

"If you'll hand me the keys, Colonel," he said. "The corpse fired 'em out on me. We've been locked in here since breakfast."

THE sergeant stooped and picked up the key ring. He glanced from it to the riderless horses dozing peacefully in the sun-drenched plaza.

"Wot the h—?" he said. "Where's the riot?"

"They're in my office playing draw for navy beans," the sheriff explained as the sergeant handed him the keys through the bars, "the corpse's swabbing out the downstairs cells."

"You're a fine bunch of anarchists," said the sergeant to the assembled cowmen as he finished jotting down their names in a small brown book. "Next time you start out to swipe a jail, pick a portable one. Now, get out before your mail is forwarded here permanent!"

"So you're the little runt wot started all this?" he remarked to Bat as the sheriff brought Mr. Bilbo up from the nether regions, a few minutes later.

"Runt, yerself!" Bat snorted, "I c'n knock de stripes off yer shirt an' choke yer wit' 'em!"

The sergeant stood tapping his foot. He was thinking what an excellent trooper Bat would make with a little judicious trimming. Also what rare sport there'd be in the trimming.

"You wouldn't care to join the force?" he asked kindly.

"Who—me?" said Bat. "Lissen, guy, de ony harness yer'll git on me's a strait-jacket, an' it'll take yer whole blasted army ter git me into it."

Sleepless Nights

How to End Them Without Drugs

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Over 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way to healthful sleep—Because Ovaltine is not a drug but a unique food-drink; that brings instant all night sleep and builds up tremendous energy for the next day.

Accept 3-Day Test—Not a Medicine; A Swiss Discovery Millions are Using

Here is instant sleep, when you go to bed . . . *sleep without drugs*. A way, at last, of inducing sleep that any doctor you ask will approve.

A way that makes a new person of you tomorrow. For it does far more than merely bring you sleep. It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.

It's as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink; as non-habit forming as warm milk. Thus it makes the use of drugs or soporifics a grave folly (unless under medical direction). People are flocking to its use.

Not A Medicine

It is called Ovaltine. A delicious food-drink. The discovery of a world-noted Swiss scientist. You take it at bed time. And soon you fall asleep.

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Over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Its use has spread over some 50 different nations. New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe.

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Ovaltine acts on entirely different principles from sleep producing drugs. Remember, it's not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It's a food.

Thus, you can take it night after night and not only avoid a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Instead of drugging your nerves to sleep, it acts to soothe you to sleep. For it corrects the digestive unrest to which most sleeplessness now is traced.

Ovaltine marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time. And must not be confused with "Malt" or "Chocolate" preparations which may claim the same effects or taste like it. It is widely different in formula and result.

Doctors advise it not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, malnutrition, general run down conditions, for nervous children, for nursing mothers, and the aged. Thousands take it to relieve fatigue during the day.

Accept 3-Day Test

Please accept the 3-day test below. Note how quickly sleep comes. Mark how great your next day's energy. Mark the difference in your whole appearance.

Mail the coupon. Or obtain in regular size package at drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains.

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Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c, for a 3-day introductory package.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.
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JUST three whiffs of Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture—Ah! now you've discovered why so many pipe lovers smoke nothing else but. It's wonderfully mellow and rich, yet it's milder than most, and its fragrance is kept fresh by the inside lining of heavy gold foil.

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B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

Jewels of Little Price

Continued from page 28

Another advantage that your good tourmaline will have over the poor emerald is that it will be far purer and more brilliant. There IS such a thing as a perfect diamond. There IS such a thing as a perfect ruby or sapphire. But there is NO such thing as a perfect emerald. Nature has consistently failed there.

You'll want an enormous stone, of course—all ring stones are enormous today—ten, fifteen, twenty carats. A fine twelve-carat emerald (say about half an inch long and slightly less wide) may, according to its color and the number of flaws, cost anywhere from $9,000 to $60,000—although the latter would be, of course, a stone of superlative quality.

A tourmaline of the same weight, and closely approximating the true rich emerald color, costs from $120 to $150. Mount this tourmaline in platinum, in the identical type of setting as the emerald, and who shall say it is not an emerald? None but an expert.

Diamond Has Excellent Substitutes

The matter of setting must be most carefully considered. The finer the setting the more emerald-like will be the impression made by your tourmaline. Best to copy exactly some beautiful emerald setting. Some of the handsomest precious stones are set in rings of simple chased platinum costing around $150, which, plus the $150 for your stone, brings the total to $300; but what is that against $60,000 for an emerald similarly set?

A favored setting for a great solitaire is one in which a baguette diamond is inconspicuously placed on each side of the big stone. The cost of such a setting would be several hundred dollars, and the whole run to about $500 or $600.

Is there a substitute for the diamond? As one man we answer, "Yes!" Remember that it practically never happens that the understudy is a better actress than the star; remember that nothing that is not a diamond is going to outshine the diamond, for then it would be a superdiamond; but, granting that, we can unequivocally state that, in your eyes and mine, there *are* stones which are almost diamonds, genuine Mother Nature stones, as white, as pure, as brilliant as the diamond, and with a very real value and dignity of their own.

The zircon, for example, which comes in the most heavenly colors—honey yellow, green, blue, cinnamon, and an exquisite electric blue called starlite—comes also in a pure white stone. This makes an excellent diamond substitute, for it is just as brilliant as the diamond—an extraordinary virtue—being doubly refractive.

And then again the white sapphire—who would blush to wear so authentic a stone as that? As genuine a stone as the *bleu-de-roi* sapphire itself, but by no means on the same price list. Indeed, $8 a carat will purchase a white sapphire fine enough to play the rôle of a diamond. White topaz too is a possible substitute. Is not the great Braganza of 1,680 carats, generally held to be one of the great diamonds of the world and spoken of in the same breath with the Kohinoor, in reality only a white topaz, as the best authorities now testify? When experts can be so deceived, how shall the layman distinguish between them?

When it comes to the rare true yellow diamond, we are even better off, for few people would be able to distinguish between this stone and the yellow sapphire. The color is identical. Only that surplus of brilliancy that the diamond has over all stones but the zircon is missing—yet not noticeably so to the lay person.

Few people even know that there is such a stone as a yellow sapphire, and the natural inference on seeing a stone of this pale honey color is that it is a yellow diamond. Straw-colored zircons there are also—and yellow chrysoberyl and pale yellow topaz, all of which might easily be mistaken for the Canary diamond.

Fine yellow sapphires will cost around $50 a carat, but what is that compared to the $1,000 to $4,000 of the yellow diamond? One exquisite yellow sapphire of eighteen carats, set in a platinum ring with baguette diamonds on each side, is priced at $1,500, but were it a yellow diamond its price would be in the unattainable thousands.

And for the ruby, where are we? Very well off, indeed. If a lady desires a gem to wear with her cerise gowns or to touch off a neutral costume with this red spark, she may obtain it, at far less than the price of rubies, in any one of several semiprecious stones, the ruby-red spinel, for example. No one not an expert could possibly distinguish between this blood-red, brilliant stone and the true ruby, and therefore it is valued as high as $200 a carat.

One lovely gem of this true pigeon's-blood red of the ruby, six carats in weight, set in a platinum ring, is priced at $1,750—no mean price to pay for a ring, but, considering we shall be given credit for wearing a $10,000 ruby, not so bad.

And how about the good old garnet? Yes, garnets, almost ruby-red, admittedly so even in the carefully chosen words of the gem experts, there are. Pick at random and you will have merely a garnet, but choose carefully and you will have almost a ruby. A bracelet consisting of a single line of these stones set in platinum is priced at $475.

When we come to the sapphire, things are a little more difficult for us. There are semiprecious stones which can substitute for the sapphire, but it is difficult to find them in sizes large enough for a solitaire or in quantities great enough to be used for larger pieces of jewelry. There are—but they are rare—in the deep sapphire blue: blue garnets, spinels, beryls and tourmalines.

One of the best substitutes—and this comes in stones of almost any size, bigger than the Grand Turk himself would care to wear—is the Ceylon sapphire, which is a true sapphire, but, in the expert's judgment, falls far short of the first-quality sapphires. Some of these are crystal-pure, very brilliant, but lack just the deep blue velvet color that places the finest sapphires in the thousand-dollar-per-carat class. Yet to the layman they approach sufficiently close in color the fine sapphires to be entirely satisfactory and their prices are around $100 per carat.

Coming into Their Own

Naturally most of the important jewelers prefer to deal in the far more profitable precious stones and sell the semiprecious stones with their left hand. Indeed, until fairly recently, many of them scorned to handle the semiprecious stones at all, for, like bankers, they dealt in values rather than in beauty, and their patrons preferred investment to decoration. Of late years, however, due partly to the efforts of several pioneer firms, partly to our swiftly accelerating prosperity—making it possible for us carelessly to squander our money on beauty rather than to invest in values—semiprecious stones have come into their own. The fact that so many of them are found in America makes them even more available.

But there is another angle on semiprecious stones. It is, after all, somewhat narrow and prejudiced to consider anything so beautiful as a gem only from the angle of intrinsic value. Value is the birthright of the precious stones, but they have no monopoly of beauty, and what artist would not place beauty beyond money?

Madame El Khouri, a dealer in semiprecious stones, once said to M. Lalique, who mentioned a quite exorbitant figure as his price for a beautiful glass-and-enamel box, "But, M. Lalique, lovely as the little box is, it has, after all, no intrinsic value, you know."

M. Lalique withered her with a look.

"The Mona Lisa," he said, "is painted on a piece of plain white canvas."

Which is but saying that beauty has at least as high a market value as gold. And so with the semiprecious stones. Ask an artist what stone he prefers. Ten to one he will say the opal. He is concerned chiefly with beauty, and beauty is not bought by the carat.

And for the ladies—no matter how unreasonable their demands for colors to match their gowns or their eyes or their moods, the semiprecious stones are ready for them. Does a new color come into fashion? It can be matched in a semiprecious stone. Have you in mind a color scheme for an evening toilet: green slippers, green chiffon handkerchief, and perhaps a green bracelet and ring to touch a white gown to arresting chic? Consult the tourmalines. Have you a lilac chiffon gown at which any precious stone you ever saw would swear violently? Buy a lilac kunzite. Have you a scarf and hat of a heavenly shade of orchid, and do you need just one more touch of the same subtle color to complete your color scheme? See the morganites (named for J. Pierpont Morgan).

Let Costume and Jewels be in Accord

Do you plan to wear, on a certain important occasion, Callot's new tulle dress, shading from mauve to royal purple? How execrable your emeralds, how impossible your rubies, how deadly your sapphires would look with these colors! But how about a necklace of amethysts to match the richest shade in that foam of tulle?

Or say you have a white sports dress with a belt and hat in pink? Would anything in the world touch that off like a string of pale pink coral?

Nothing is more chic than this matching or harmonizing of colors in an ensemble. A simple dress can, by the master of this technique, be raised to the level of a complete costume.

Take, for example, a simple white sports dress, in crêpe de chine. Quite all right it may be if it is worn with all-white accessories; and perhaps it wouldn't be really bad if it were worn with brown shoes, a green hat, an any-old-color purse, and what-have-you in jewelry. But figure the arresting chic of this same simple little dress if it were worn with a white hat, white shoes, a red-white-and-blue scarf in enormous checks (Chanel's latest brainstorm) and a necklace and heavy bracelet set with blue lapis lazuli. By such strokes of genius as this is the truly smart woman known.

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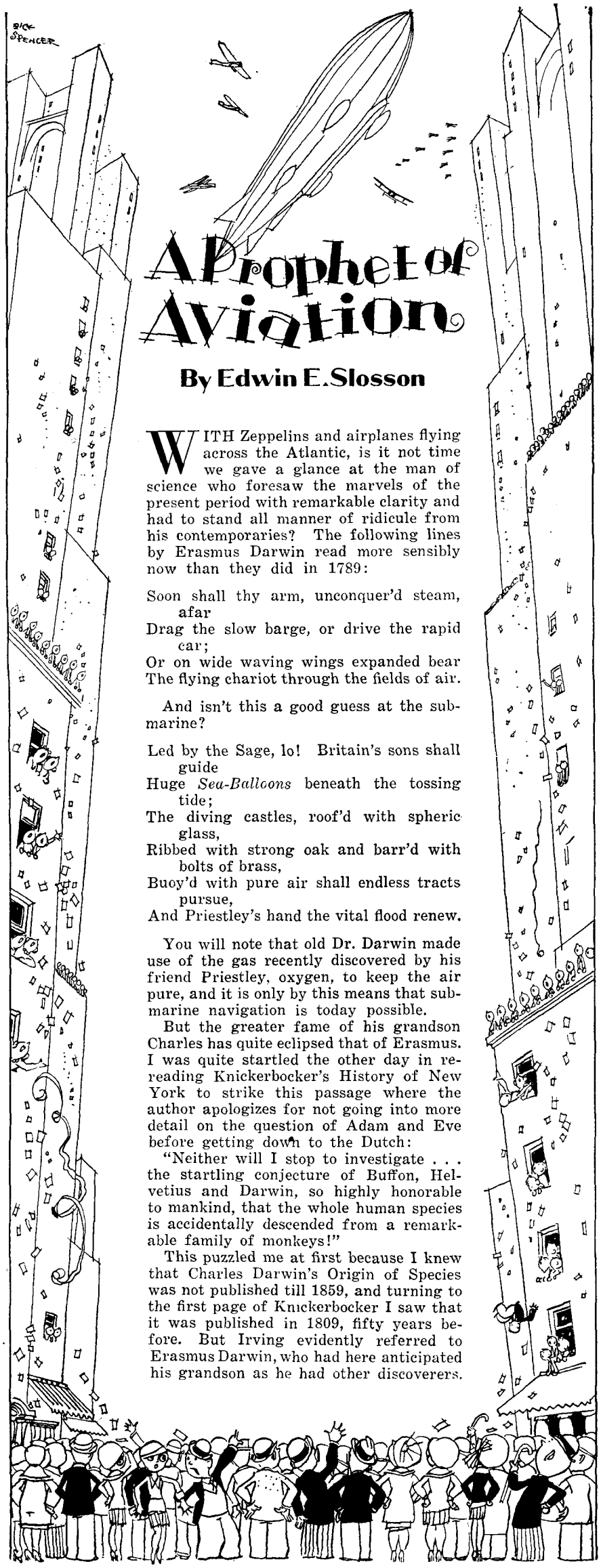

A Prophet of Aviation

By Edwin E. Slosson

WITH Zeppelins and airplanes flying across the Atlantic, is it not time we gave a glance at the man of science who foresaw the marvels of the present period with remarkable clarity and had to stand all manner of ridicule from his contemporaries? The following lines by Erasmus Darwin read more sensibly now than they did in 1789:

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.

And isn't this a good guess at the submarine?

Led by the Sage, lo! Britain's sons shall guide
Huge *Sea-Balloons* beneath the tossing tide;
The diving castles, roof'd with spheric glass,
Ribbed with strong oak and barr'd with bolts of brass,
Buoy'd with pure air shall endless tracts pursue,
And Priestley's hand the vital flood renew.

You will note that old Dr. Darwin made use of the gas recently discovered by his friend Priestley, oxygen, to keep the air pure, and it is only by this means that submarine navigation is today possible.

But the greater fame of his grandson Charles has quite eclipsed that of Erasmus. I was quite startled the other day in rereading Knickerbocker's History of New York to strike this passage where the author apologizes for not going into more detail on the question of Adam and Eve before getting down to the Dutch:

"Neither will I stop to investigate . . . the startling conjecture of Buffon, Helvetius and Darwin, so highly honorable to mankind, that the whole human species is accidentally descended from a remarkable family of monkeys!"

This puzzled me at first because I knew that Charles Darwin's Origin of Species was not published till 1859, and turning to the first page of Knickerbocker I saw that it was published in 1809, fifty years before. But Irving evidently referred to Erasmus Darwin, who had here anticipated his grandson as he had other discoverers.

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365 Keen Shaves With One Blade!

SLICK, velvety shaves forever and no more razor blades to buy! That's what you can expect from KRISS-KROSS, the amazing blade *rejuvenator!* For this remarkable invention can take almost any ordinary razor blade on the market and multiply its sharpness 50% to 100% in exactly 11 seconds! So just imagine what a smooth, painless shave you can get when your blade is just about *twice* as keen as any you have ever tried before!

No More Blades to Buy

But that isn't all. KRISS-KROSS not only strops blades to unbelievable sharpness —but it makes them *last almost indefinitely!* Day after day—week after week—you can keep using the same old blade and still get smoother, better shaves than you now get from a blade right out of a fresh package! Any number of cases are on record where one blade has lasted over 365 days and is still going strong. C. R. Stephenson of Oklahoma has used one single blade for more than one solid year of the coolest shaves he ever got in his life!

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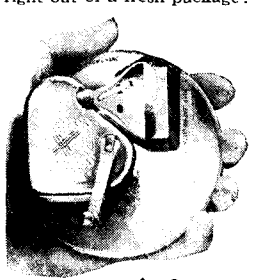
Generous Introductory Offer

KRISS-KROSS is never sold in stores—but only through authorized representatives in each locality. Right now, we are making a generous offer and are giving a new kind of 3-way, adjustable razor FREE to introduce KRISS-KROSS. Use the coupon below to get details of this unusual invention and offer. No obligation. Mail it today.



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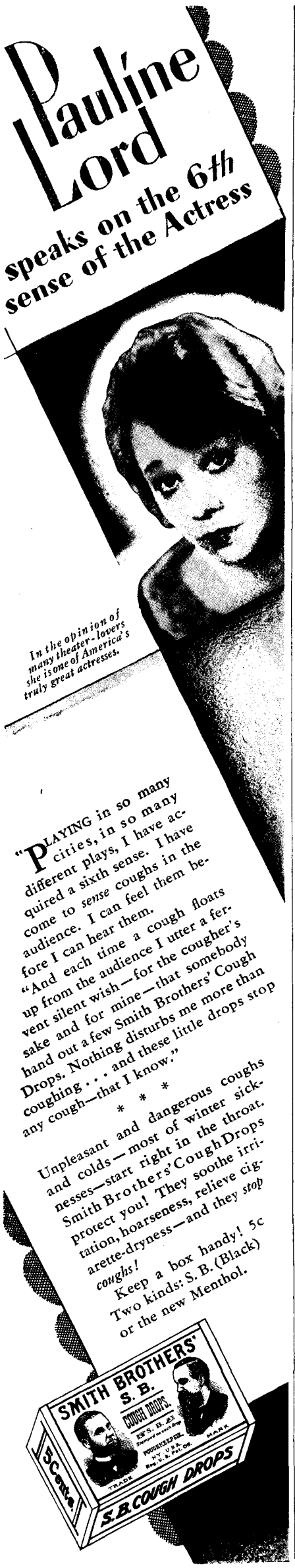
Pauline Lord
speaks on the 6th sense of the Actress
In the opinion of many theater-lovers she is one of America's truly great actresses.
"PLAYING in so many cities, in so many different plays, I have acquired a sixth sense. I have come to sense coughs in the audience. I can feel them before I can hear them. And each time a cough floats up from the audience I utter a fervent silent wish—for the cougher's sake and for mine—that somebody hand out a few Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. Nothing disturbs me more than coughing . . . and these little drops stop any cough—that I know."
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Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.
SMITH BROTHERS' S. B. COUGH DROPS
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S. B. COUGH DROPS

The Gree Gree Girl

Continued from page 11

had increased Albert's critical faculties. "She kin cook kinder good," he grinned, "but Lawd, Lawd, she sho' is ugly, ain't she?"

Lillian giggled. "Yeah, and cross-eyed, too." A little more well-directed flattery would help out, just here, she figured. "Dat's how come she married you," she added. "She put a gree gree on you wid dem eyes er her'n. 'Cause ain't no big ole good-lookin' man like you gonter marry a squincy little ole runty gal like her unless she gree-greed you wid dem eyes."

THE next day Albert spent the greater part of the morning looking at his wife. Critically. She wasn't much to look at. In fact, she was so ugly that it made him tired to look at her.

"Dog gone ev'ything I kin think of," Albert grumbled. "De somethin' to eat she fixes me is all O. K., but jest lookin' at her kind er spiles de taste."

Selma, just then sewing a patch on Albert's trousers, looked up.

"Say which, Great Big Man?" she asked.

"Say I b'lieve I'm goin' down to de river and do me some fishin'," he answered. The idea of going fishing had just popped into his mind, but it sounded like a good one since it would give him an excuse to get out of sight of his wife, and he adopted it.

"Fish won't taste bad," Selma declared enthusiastically. "Hit's a trot-line hangin' on de fence, and you kin borry a skiff f'm Chawlie."

That sounded too much like work for Albert, what with rowing a heavy skiff and baiting and pulling up a trot-line. "I ain't countin' on doin' dat kind er fishin'," he announced. "I'm countin' on doin' a little worm fishin'."

"Dat's de stuff, Heavy-Eatin' Man!" Selma exclaimed enthusiastically. "You worm-fish for dem cats and bring 'em home, and den watch old me cook 'em so brown dey'll make yo' mouf water!"

Albert was too full of baked ham and snap beans and fresh potatoes and hot biscuits to be interested in anything to eat just then. He merely wanted to escape from the house so he wouldn't have to look at his ugly wife.

He took a pole line with hook, sinker and cork bobber, and meandered over to the river. "Worm" fishing requires the least effort. All a boy has to do is bait his hook, drop it into the water, and wait until a fish takes the cork under. There is the preliminary detail of digging for worms, but Albert overlooked that bit of labor.

"Ain't no use in diggin' all dem worms," he told himself when he realized he had no bait. "I ain't cravin' to eat me no fish, nohow."

He found a tree on the bank that leaned over the water and he crawled out, seated himself comfortably in the forks, dropped the unbaited hook into the water and settled back to wait—for nothing in particular. Just to wait. And rest. "Did I put a worm on," he mumbled, "one er dem little old cat-fish'd sho bite, and den I might git finned takin' him off."

An hour passed. Restful, peaceful quiet. No work; no worry. And no ugly-faced wife to look at. Not a thought in his mind; not a worry on his soul. Just fishing with an unbaited hook.

When he went home he explained briefly to Selma that the fish had not been biting.

"Dat's awright, hon," she said. "I got a good supper for you."

Albert ate passively. After supper, they sat on the porch in the dark, and talked. Albert was satisfied; not enthusiastically happy nor depressingly sad. Everything was satisfactory, and there was nothing to worry about. Fishing all day would keep him out of sight of Selma, and there was no work to fishing—if one didn't use bait. He even put the good-looking Lillian out of his mind.

"Yes, suh," Selma said, as though she were resuming a conversation. "I always said when I married up to a man, I'm gonter stay married to him." Then after a brief pause: "Maybe ef'n you had used red worms instead er grubbin' worms, maybe de fish would-a bit."

"Who tole you I use grubbin' worms?" Albert demanded. It began to look as though Selma was cross-examining him, and he resented it.

"Nobody tole me," Selma explained. "But I knowed you didn't dig no red worms, so I say, 'I bet dat big stout man er mine is out yonder in de woods, turnin' over dem heavy logs and ketchin' grubbin' worms.' And I knowed de grubbin' worms wasn't lucky, so I up and buyed de shawt ribs—"

Albert was indignant. "You let me lift dem heavy logs and things to git grubbin' worms!" he exploded. "And you knowed all de time de fish wouldn't bite 'em." Of course he had not lifted any heavy logs, but the very idea that Selma might have allowed him to, uselessly, aroused him.

"I ain't de kind er wife which argies and fusses wit' my husband," she said, seriously. "I jest let you go fishin' yo' own way. But whilst you was out fishin' I went to de gyarden and dug up some red worms so you kin go fishin' again tomorrow and ketch some fish."

Albert knew of nothing more to say, so he said nothing.

The next morning he took the can which Selma had filled with loose earth and red worms, and went back to the river. It was easier to take along the worms than it was to argue.

He climbed up to his favorite roost, baited his hook and dropped it into the water. Presently the cork bobbed nervously and then sank. Albert yanked viciously and up came a two-pound catfish.

He took the fish from the hook, ran a cord through its gill and mouth and lowered it into the water. Then he rebaited his hook. "I got you," he declared, "and now I'm gonter git yo' brother, too!"

In a very few minutes he pulled out another one. Then he did get interested.

"Dog gone my skin!" he exclaimed, "I bet I'm gonter ketch e'vy fish in dis river!" And for half an hour it looked as though he was. He had struck a school and seven large, yellow-bellied catfish were pulled out in fairly rapid succession.

AFTER a while the novelty wore off, although he did not realize it. "I spect I better quit now," he told himself, "befo' I wears out all my lucky worms. Ain't no use in a man wearin' out all his worms."

On the way home, he passed Lillian, who was leaning on her own picket fence, waiting for a word with him.

"Been fishin' again, Big'n?" she asked.

Albert held up his string proudly. "Kind er looks like, don't hit?"

Lillian giggled. "Um-mmmph!" she said. "What kind er bait you use?"

"Red worms," replied Albert. "I always uses red worms. Dey's mo' lucky."

"You didn't had no luck yistiddy," Lillian recalled. "I seed you draggin' back a empty pole."

Albert chuckled. "Selma digged me dese worms," he said.

"Dat's how come!" Lillian exclaimed. "I bet dat google-eyed ole gal is got a gree gree!"

Albert laughed out loud. "She didn't done nothin' to de worms but jest dig 'em," he explained.

"You didn't git no fish yistiddy," argued Lillian.

"Naw," admitted Albert, "'cause I fished wid a empty hook." He laughed again, and explained to Lillian what had happened, and she laughed. It was a good joke on old google-eyed Selma, all right!

"Yeah," Albert repeated. "She thinks I picked up logs and stuff yistiddy, to git grubbin' worms." And he walked off chuckling.

When he got to Selma's house, she was beaming with pride at the string of fish.

"Dog gone!" she exclaimed, "yonder come my big ole man wid a big bunch er fish. You say yo' name is Albert, but I bet you been foolin' me. I bet yo' name is pore Ole Jonah! Now jest wait to I gits de wire pinchers and de butcher knife, and we'll skin' dem scound'els and have 'em for dinner." She procured the implements named and went to work. "I knowed dem ole red worms was lucky," she went on. "Fo'ks used to tell me hit was onlucky to be cross-eyed, and I used to believe 'em. But hit seems like hit's gittin' lucky, now."

"Um-humm," said Albert. Some way or other the idea of cross eyes and luck clung to his mind after what Lillian had said about that gree gree. It worried him some.

After dinner he adjourned to the porch for a brief private session with his feathers. The feathers, very patently, weren't as strong as crossed eyes, but, still, feathers were feathers and they might help him out some way.

BY THE time Selma had finished clearing the dishes Albert's feathers had functioned. They had helped him come to the conclusion that since he was gree-greed, the best thing he could do was accept the gree gree as final. He could continue fishing during the daylight, and by doing that he wouldn't have to look at his ugly little wife.

"I'm goin' fishin' again," he announced when Selma came to the porch. He looked at her crossed eyes and the silly grin on her lips. "And I'm gonter stay fishin' to dark, too," he added.

The river yielded two more cats and a grinnel that afternoon, and he brought them home. More fish for supper. And after he had eaten so much for dinner, a few hours before.

"And hit'll be some for breakfus, too," Selma declared. "And den for dinner, onless maybe you ketches some fresh ones, tomorrow."

The idea staggered Albert. He hadn't been so keen about fish in the first place, but he had eaten a plenty. At supper it was by the greatest effort that he managed to choke down enough so as not to arouse his gree-greeing wife.

At breakfast nothing short of pure determination enabled him to eat a passably good portion of fish. And he started wearily toward the river with nothing but a dull, sad, fish-eating eternity before him.

But he never got to the river. Big Lillian, seated on her porch busily coiling her hair, hailed him.

"Yeah, yonder, Big'n," she called. "You sho' must like fish."

Albert dragged over to the fence and

(*Continued on page 40*)

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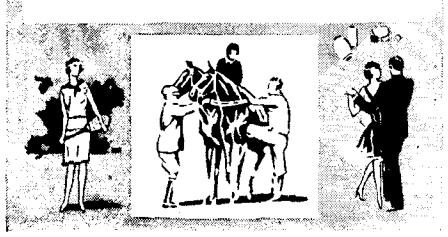

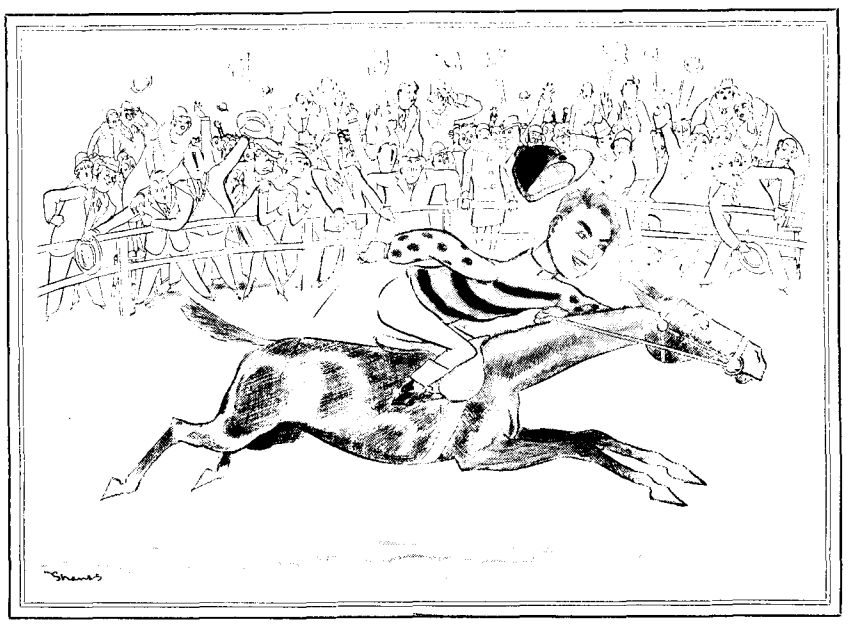

Backed to the Limit

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IT HAS always seemed to me that Senator Shipstead lacked just one element that is necessary to make him a real figure in the Senate, and that is a judicious admixture of egotism. He is too modest and his modesty leads him to excessive caution.

Perhaps his reëlection to the Senate from Minnesota last November by the astonishing majority of about 320,000 will set him up, give him confidence, so that he will burgeon forth in his next six years in Washington, so that he will be one of the near-great men of the Capitol. It ought to. He is one of the great in one respect at least. He has his state behind him as no one else in the Senate has. He has done what no one else has ever done, got himself reëlected running independently and by a bigger majority in proportion to population than anyone else in the Senate has ever received even though aided by the machinery of a party.

He is a coming man. All he has to do is come. And that depends on himself.

It is a tremendous thing to have a state behind one as Mr. Shipstead has his state behind him. It sets a senator free. Nine tenths of the timidity of Washington is the fear of some picayune minority which may endanger reëlection. Senators shrink from doing this or saying that from fear of losing a few hundred votes.

Well, Mr. Shipstead ought never be vote-shy again. The bolder and more striking his career in Washington, provided it is always dominated by the good sense he has invariably shown, the greater will be the pride the Scandinavians in Minnesota will take in his career and the larger his majorities will be.

He Has the Looks

There is not a senator in Washington who would not give all he had to stand in Mr. Shipstead's shoes, to have it proved to him that on his own record and personality he could carry his state by a majority equivalent to more than one million in any one of the big states.

Mr. Shipstead has something to start out with. In the first place he has looks. He is a big handsome man on whom greatness would sit lightly. And that is half the battle. He is not the kind of man who is passed unnoticed. Then, too, in spite of his modesty and caution, he is at ease in the world. He is not awkward and self-conscious. His personality is pleasing. He has had a remarkable social success in Washington, for a senator who is not taken up as a Republican or as a Democrat, and especially for one of foreign origin.

He has a charming wife who is popular in the Capitol. He speaks, it is true, with a slight foreign accent, but his voice is pleasant, with some of the quality and tone of the voices of that race of orators, the Irish. An orator might be made of that presence and voice.

Why the Complex?

What is it then that accounts for his being among that large group of senators who suffer, in their public capacity, from an inferiority complex? First, perhaps, during the years that he has been in Washington, there has been a feeling that he was more or less of a political accident. He was elected in one of those Western revolts against the Republican party as a Farmer-Laborite. There was nothing assured about his political status. Well, the last election has proved that he stood on more solid ground than any party could have given him.

Second, perhaps, the fact that he is of foreign origin. No member of the more recent races in this country ever quite gets over the feeling that he is not wholly accepted on the same footing as descendants of the older American stock. Senator Knute Nelson, a distinguished predecessor of Mr. Shipstead and a power in his day, once when he was having difficulties with President Roosevelt remarked bitterly, "He thinks I'm nothing but a damned Swede."

Well, Mr. Shipstead's origin is of great advantage to him. Part of his hold on his state is due to the fact that he is of the same race as the most numerous element in Minnesota's population. And those fellow Scandinavians of his out in the Northwest are just hungering to see him have a distinguished career.

Then, too, there is the lack of legal training. Senator Shipstead was a dentist. No one takes his place in Congress with quite the sureness that a lawyer does. The attorney has had practice in courtrooms. His wits are trained for the rough and tumble of debate. He has quickness and agility. He has learned to play a more or less public part. But that, after all, is not much more than confidence born of experience. And against all this the Minnesota senator has that 320,000 majority.

9 to 1

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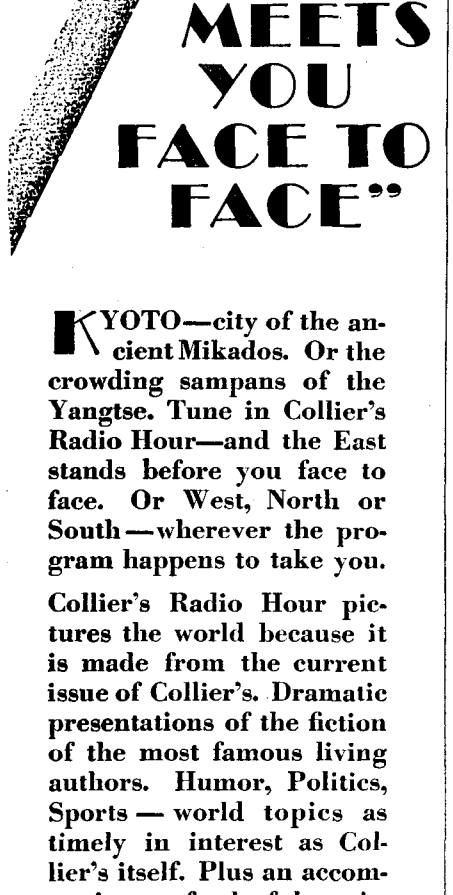

The Gree Gree Girl

Continued from page 38

leaned against it wearily. "I done et so many fish, gal," he declared bitterly, "dat I'm fixin' to sprout fins and gills."

"Well, how come you keep on ketchin' 'em, ef'n yo' don't like 'em?" Lillian wanted to know.

"Can't help it." Albert explained. "Selma, she put a gree gree on de worms and dat make de fish bite."

"Don't go fishin'," suggested Lillian.

"And set around de house all day lookin' at dem gree-greein' cross eyes?" countered Albert.

LILLIAN giggled. "Set around somebody else's house," she offered, "and look at my ole eyes some. My eyes ain't crossed up."

Albert grinned, sidled through the picket gate and sat on the edge of the porch. It was such a simple solution to his double-barreled grief! No more fish eating and no more looking at the google-eyed Selma! It was too simple a solution, in fact. He had a slight misgiving that something would turn up unexpectedly and show it was no solution at all.

"I and her sort er married," he explained. "And us ain't had no fuss or nothin'."

Lillian regarded the obstacle as a slight one. Of course it would be necessary for Albert and Selma to have some kind of fuss before they could formally separate, and a formal separation would be necessary—

"Go pick a fuss wid her," she told him.

"Un-unh—not me," Albert said. "She got me gree-greed jest like she got dem worms. I ain't gonter mess wid no woman which got a gree gree on me."

"Humph!" snorted Lillian. "She ain't got no gree gree on you. She jest got you skeered. Dat's all."

"Yeah?" Albert was not convinced in the least.

"Ef'n she's a gree gree gal," Lillian continued, "she'd gree-greed me, befo' now. Cause she sho' been hatin' me a long time."

"Well," urged Albert, "you go pick a fuss wid her for me."

Lillian was a woman of action. "I'm gonter do dat ve'y thing," she declared. "Right now, too. You jest watch me." She got up and strutted off toward Selma's cabin. In less than three minutes she came back.

BUT she wasn't strutting. Instead, she was running so fast that she did not have time to turn into her own front gate. At her heels, swinging a long butcher knife closer and closer to Lillian's bulging bustle, was Selma.

Lillian was silent. She was concentrating all her physical and mental energy into the one main effort of her life—staying ahead of Selma's vicious swings.

"He don't love me, don't he?" Selma screamed as she swung the knife perilously close to Lillian. "You gonter take him f'm me, is you?"—Swish! The tip of the blade barely touched Lillian's calico dress.

Round the yard they flew, Lillian lumbering awkwardly, panting heavily and staying out of reach only because her legs were longer than Selma's. Little Selma, her skirt held high in one hand to give her legs free play, shortened the distance between them with each energetic, businesslike little hop.

On the second round Lillian circled out and took her front gate on the curve; Selma turned too sharply behind her and ricocheted from the post.

Albert sat on the porch and watched with slightly more than passive interest as Lillian sailed into the house. "You sho' did pick a fuss, gal," he commented, as she sped past.

By that time Selma had righted herself on her feet, and again was after Lillian. But Lillian was in her house with the door slammed and barred.

"What's de matter, Selma?" Albert asked. "She done you somethin'?"

Selma stopped, panted for a minute, and then grinned. "Not nothin' to me, Great Big Ole Thing," she declared. "I seed her comin' and I knowed she was comin' for trouble. So I got de butcher knife."

"You knowed she was comin' for trouble?" Albert repeated. "Selma, tell me somethin'. Did dat cross-eyed gree gree tell you dat?"

"I don't know," Selma declared, honestly. "Hit might er been my ole cross eyes and hit might er been 'cause I knowed she was tryin' to steal you away f'm me."

It was the gree gree, one way or the other, Albert figured.

"No mind what hit was," continued Selma, edging fondly toward her husband, "quick as she up and said my big ole man didn't love me, well, I jest tuck out after her."

"Un-hunh," admitted Albert. "You sho' did."

"And I was lucky I didn't ketch her," went on Selma. "Cause ef'n I had a caught her, I'd a been put in jail for what I'd a done to her. And den who'd cook all dem fish for my ole Fish-Eatin' Man?"

There it was again. The gree gree had kept her out of jail. Albert could see that. But what did she want to bring up the unpleasant idea of fish again for? The very mention of it almost gagged him, and he simply knew that, gree gree cross eyes or not, he couldn't stand to swallow another bite.

"Baby," he said, "I don't b'lieve I'm goin' fishin' no mo'. I'm gittin' tired er fish."

"Me too," agreed Selma solemnly. And then she had an idea. "Hit's a heap mo' fun havin' you 'round de house, den out yonder fishin' all de day," she grinned. "Me and you! Jest sittin' 'round de house!"

The cruelty of a gree gree! He picked up his fishing pole and started up the path with the babbling, happy Selma. Chicken feathers couldn't break a gree gree, but they might guide him to some lesser form of torment. He stuck his fingers into his shirt front and rubbed the feathers prayerfully.

"Me and you, Big Ole Husband," babbled Selma. "Jest settin' round—"

BUT the feathers were functioning for Albert, just like they had functioned when they helped him get a job and commissary credit when there was no work to be done. They were giving him an idea that would eliminate fish from his diet and at the same time relieve him of the necessity of sitting around the house all day looking at those crossed-up eyes of his wife.

"Baby," he said, "I sho' would like to set 'round de house wid you. But dey tell me de Boss Man got some extra work fence fixin' dat he want done. And hit ain't no use in me pleasurin' myse'f settin' 'round lookin' at you when I kin be out makin' a little extra money befo' cotton pickin' starts."

Selma gripped his arm fondly. "Now, listen at dat big scound'el!" she exclaimed. "Dat fat-mouf Lillian say you was lazy, too, and hyar you is fixin' to go to work when you don't have to! I knowed she was lyin' on you, darlin'. And ef'n I *is* got a gree gree in my ole crossed-up eyes, well, I'm gonter set down and gree gree her and ev'ybody which is even her friend!"

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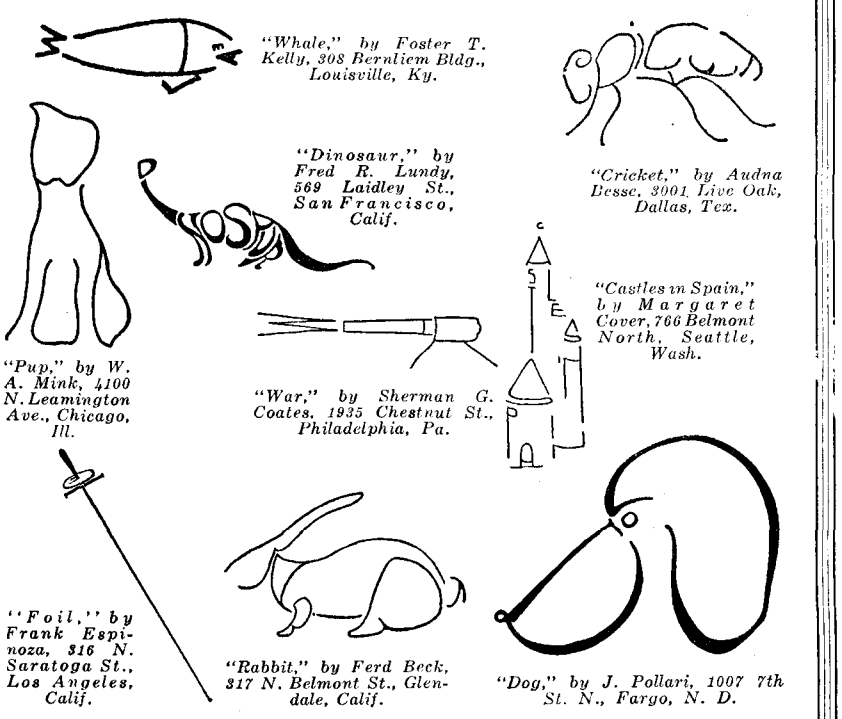

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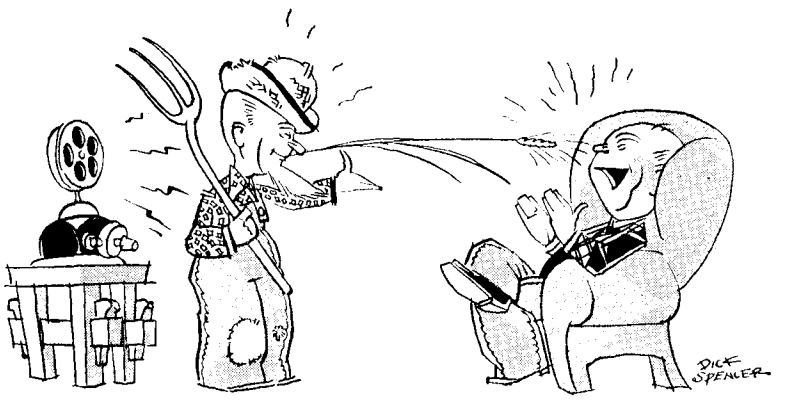


Dramatizing Radio

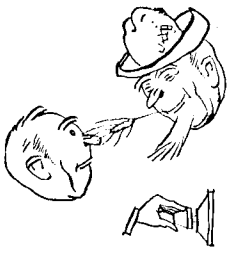
By Jack Binns

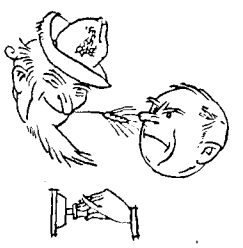
WHAT is to be the future of radio drama? That is a question that seems to be of no particular concern to our program managers. One station, in a moment of ingenuity, produced a "rube" play replete with humor. It was an immediate success. Since then we have been flooded with "rube" plays—all patterned alike, and very few above mediocrity—by almost every station throughout the country. Surely these plays are not going to be the supreme contribution of radio to the drama!

I am not opposed to "rube" plays. I do object, however, to an unnecessary diet of them, especially when they are produced in such great numbers that not one of them rises above a very poor level in quality of conception.

What we really need is a careful study of the dramatic art for radio presentation. Wherever serious attention has been given to the subject, the program managers have been apt to spend unnecessary time in seeking noise effects to counteract the lack of vision on the part of the broadcast listeners. To me the action of the play is more important and I see no reason why this should not be developed through the dialogue and tone of the actors and actresses who appear before the microphone.

Accompanying noises are generally misleading in the loud speaker, because most of them sound entirely different from the original produced in the studios. This is because radio amplifies tone effects to a seemingly greater extent than pure tones. It is also a fact that we identify a lot of noises *through our eyes* as well as our ears. For instance there is little or no difference between a rifle shot, a bursting automobile tire or the backfire of a motor—and unless we actually see the thing causing the noise we are not sure which it is. That is one reason why too much reliance should not be placed on sound effects to contribute toward the action in radio drama.





Let us have a little more originality in this new art and not so much copying—but failing this, at least let us have some versatility.

Tipping Budding Authors

One of the afternoon lecturers over the WEAF chain recently spoke on "The proper approach to an editor."

Just my luck to miss that, especially as I have been trying to find it out all my life. One thing I have learned, however, and that is not to get too close to his foot.

Calling the Unknown

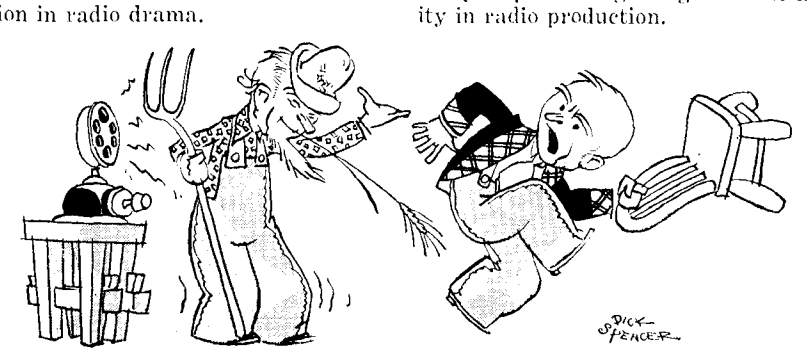
Whenever the wave length of a broadcast station is changed the Federal Radio Commission should insist that the station announce its call letters more frequently during the first few days it is operating in the new position.

When the country-wide changes were put into effect last November a lot of confusion was caused by failure of the stations to announce themselves more frequently than every 15 minutes. Under such conditions more frequent announcements are in the public interest, convenience and necessity.

Killing Parasites

A piano solo can be the best kind of radio program and the worst. If the microphone is not placed just right the loud speaker at the receiving end will blast on some notes, and others will cause it to rattle, or produce mushy sounds. This is due to parasitic vibrations set up inside the piano which are not normally heard when the piano is played, but which the microphone picks up and radio amplifies too greatly.

A report comes from Paris that M. Basiaux of Toulouse has invented a device that deadens these unwanted vibrations in the piano without affecting the purity of its actual tones. Every day in every way we are getting closer to fidelity in radio production.



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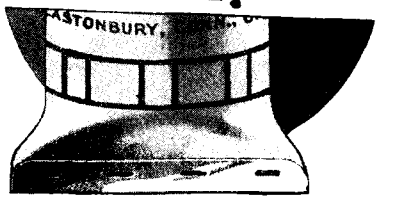

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Address.....

Town.....State.....

Old Cars for New

Continued from page 9

$1,200 down is at grips with tough opposition. His chief selling point is centered around the size of the used car.

As far as I am able to gather from the research departments of various manufacturers, first owners of cars keep their automobiles for an average of two years and nine months. There was a time when your dealer was eagerly importuning you to buy a new car every year, turning in your old car as part payment. But that insistence is losing strength.

Five Million Used Cars Sold Yearly

Fewer than ten per cent of the new cars sold annually are so-called clean deals. All the others involve a trade-in. That is to say that if 3,500,000 new cars were sold last year, their sale involved the acceptance by the 53,000 retailers of 3,150,000 used cars, which is not so staggering as it sounds. About 5,000,000 used cars are sold in the United States every year.

Not sold by the new-car dealers alone, however. There is an ever-increasing number of men and firms that do nothing but buy and sell used cars. They are doing such a thriving business, I am told, that certain manufacturers find themselves occasionally hard put to it to persuade dealers from throwing up their agencies and giving themselves over to the used-car industry exclusively.

To illustrate: What with bad judgment, bad bargaining, bad local business and so forth, Mr. Keeney finds himself, a few months before the new season opens, with a large assortment of used cars on his floor. He is going to require cash for dressing his salesrooms for the new model's reception and display. He already needs money for his never-ceasing overhead expenses. He needs a great deal of cash with which to purchase his new stock of new cars.

He has, let us assume, ten used cars representing $8,000. And it is his own money. The manufacturer is wholly unconcerned. When Mr. Keeney received the new cars, the sale of which resulted in his becoming possessed of these ten used cars, he paid the distributor for them, just as the distributor had paid the manufacturer.

He has disposed of some of his used cars by the trade-down method. But that only aggravated his troubles. He got a little cash for each car so disposed of but he also became the holder of another used car. After all this sad merchandising, he had $8,000 in trade-ins on hand.

The Dealer Takes His Loss

This, you must readily appreciate, is a thoroughgoing worrying matter for Mr. Keeney. These used cars may very well be fine motor-car values. Fine, that is, at the proper price. Unhappily Mr. Keeney paid too much for them and his neighboring dealer, Mr. Helgandt, having done much better by himself in trade-in allowances, was able to undersell Mr. Keeney and thereby capture the visible used-car market.

Then Mr. Keeney, forced to act quickly, resigns himself to a general loss. He calls in Mr. Pincus. Now Mr. Pincus is doing a large pocket-filling business at selling used cars—"as is"—to all and sundry.

"How much for the lot," asks Mr. Keeney sorrowfully, indicating his floor-filling used cars.

"Two hundred dollars apiece," replies the cold Mr. Pincus.

Mr. Keeney feels ill, but Mr. Pincus takes them away, leaving $2,000 in cash in Mr. Keeney's hands. And Mr. Pincus takes these cars to his salesrooms, which are nothing more nor less than sheds or even open lots and he advertises them. The chances are excellent that he will get no less than five hundred dollars apiece simply because he can afford to hold them a while if necessary.

From such calamities, which, fortunately, are not general, the motor-car manufacturer is seeking to deliver Mr. Keeney. The manufacturers (at least some of them) are so rearranging car costs to the distributors that the distributors' discounts to the dealers may be based upon the assumption that the latter can afford to sell used cars at a loss—provided, however, that the loss does not exceed five per cent of the list price of a new automobile.

Mr. Keeney's loss is not only Mr. Pincus' gain but it may very readily be good news for the used-car purchaser. There in Mr. Pincus' yards are a number of unquestioned bargains—if you can find them. Of course you have to know the bargains when you see them. You've got to be a pretty keen buyer to be able to go into Mr. Pincus' yards and be reasonably certain of emerging with a car that would be as good as the used car you would have bought from Mr. Keeney. But Mr. Keeney's prices were too high for you, weren't they? And your natural love for bargain hunting led you to Mr. Pincus, didn't it?

The curious part of all of it is that Mr. Keeney couldn't afford to sell those cars to the public at the low price Mr. Pincus advertised. Why? Because if Mr. Keeney suddenly marked down $800 used cars to $500, there would have instantly been a dark suspicion that there must be something radically wrong with the cars and that Mr. Keeney was trying to defraud, at least he had been. And having failed, Mr. Keeney marked the cars down to their true value. Therefore, reasons the public, Mr. Keeney must of necessity be a crook and as such he is to be avoided.

A number of things affect the used-car market as well as new-car sales.

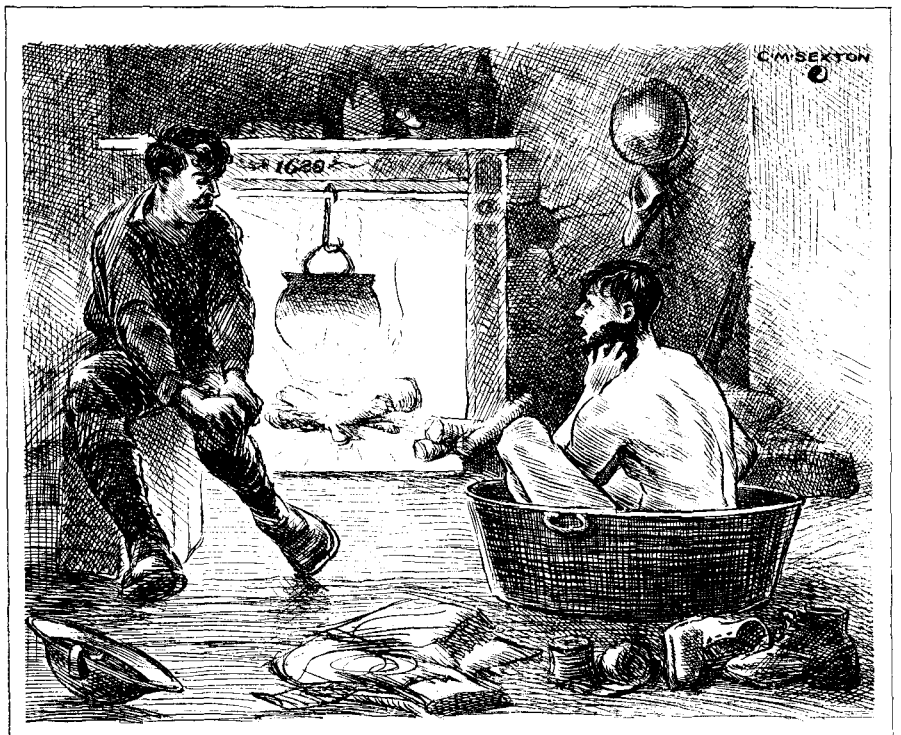
For example, out of one or more of the million mouths of the motor-car industry come rumors of revolutionary changes of models and mechanisms. We are told that in another year at least two important manufacturers will put into the market cars with successful front-axle drives—automobiles in which the driving power will be upon the front wheels instead of the rear.

If you are quite sure that such cars have been perfected and will appear within a year you may be the victim of one of three strong inclinations: If you haven't a new car you may put off buying one lest you take unto yourself a car which will immediately be threatened with obsolescence. If you already have a car you may decide to cling to it and await the wonders of the impending season. If you had thought of buying a used car you may be moved to defer that purchase because, you reason, when the new drives appear these rear-axle drivers will be dirt cheap and the money you had intended investing in a used car this year will buy a much better make next year. However, by obeying any of these impulses you are outsmarting yourself. You are merely depriving yourself for a year of the pleasure and convenience that comes of the ownership of a motor car.

Front-wheel drives, if and when they do appear, will not be the first of their species. Fifteen years ago a manufacturer gave the theory the somewhat unfair test of installing it in a pair of racing cars. Since then manufacturers have been experimenting with it and it is reasonable to expect them to perfect it.

"The Old Ship Rights Itself"

"Look here," said one of the manufacturers, "we have come to believe that it doesn't matter much what innovations appear. That is, it doesn't affect the motor-car industry as a whole if, by any chance, one or two companies put out what is called a revolutionary innovation. Somehow the motor-car industry takes care of those things. We're running a big ship and storms may rise and blow and die but the old ship rights herself. All we need to do is to go ahead making good cars. No man can make a success of anything if he is forever worrying about his competition. Let him stick to his own particular



"Say, Joe—remember that sweater I thought you swiped from me a few weeks ago? Well, it's all right. I just found it when I stripped for this bath."

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job and his job will take care of him."

Of several of these makers of motor cars I inquired whether the ultimate solution of the used-car problem lay in factory reconditioning of cars taken in by dealers. And each was quick to cry "No." In substance they assured me that they had no desire to double the size of their plants for such purposes. They said that they were in the new-car business, not the old.

Disposal of the Junker Cars

The automobile dealers are not standing idly by depending upon the manufacturers to solve the used-car problem. Generally speaking they realize quite well that profits lurk in the used car and that skillful merchandising and proper distribution will fetch them forth.

The profits-eating phase of the used-car industry that the dealer dreads is the trade-down and it is to this that they are addressing themselves. In several parts of the country the dealers have combined against what they term the junker car—that is, the third or fourth trade-down which is little more than junk. At best it sells at less than $100.

To drive these junkers from the street, and therefore from the market, dealers here and there have contributed to the creation and maintenance of co-operative salvage yards and are making honest efforts to keep the junker out of the hands of the dealer who re-sells them. In the dealers' salvage yards these useless cars are destroyed and their remains are sold for so much old metal and rubber. If the junk dealer sells the wrecks they are almost certain to turn up at the dealers' show-rooms sooner or later and be offered as trade-ins.

In no other industry is the faith of the public so essential to a dealer's success, and contributing largely to the buyer's suspicion of used cars is his ignorance of mechanics. He may even have a fixed idea of what he should look for in inspecting the used car before buying but the vast majority of the possible buyers would not know faulty timing mechanism or scored cylinders if they saw them.

Therefore, in buying a used car, your chief concern must be the reputation of the dealer. Inasmuch as, dollar for dollar, you get more out of the purchase of a new motor car than from almost any other investment you can make, so with the purchase of a used car. A good used car, that is.

A used car in good condition can very well be a better investment than a new car. It is a simple matter to demonstrate the truth of that statement with figures. A car produced by a reputable manufacturer has depreciated in value to the dealer somewhere between 30 to 40 per cent at the end of its first year of normal use. But it really hasn't been driven more than from 10 to 15 per cent of its normal possible mileage. You are buying, then, between 85 and 90 per cent of the car's original mileage for 60 to 70 per cent of its original cost.

There isn't sound argument against that. Set down in dollars and mileage the used car represents the most fascinating of bargains. Your chief concern must be the dealer's honesty and reliability. And to insure the public against the tricky dealer has become the manufacturer's outstanding problem; he is spending millions of dollars to fetch the used car up to the desirability of the new.

And he is succeeding. One large automobile corporation in Detroit has gone to vast pains to find out what used-car buyers have, after a year, thought about their purchases.

This corporation wrote letters to everybody who bought used cars of all makes through their dealers in 1927. Eighty-five per cent of these purchasers replied that they were satisfied. Of the others, only a few complained that they had been victims of dealer misrepresentation.

Adrift in New York

Continued from page 15

the success of these and other plays, Mr. Belasco promised not to write any more, saying he would devote all his attention to managing, and in the last four or five years he has had under his direction such stars as Ina Claire, Red Grange, Big Ed Walsh, Little (Poker Face) June Walker, Neysa (Peaches) McMein, Rex Beach, George Michael Cohan and a man named J. N. Burchell or some such name who is in the trucking and moving game over on Tenth Avenue.

For exercise, Davy walks from his home in the Seventies to Binghamton every morning before reporting at his office. He says it takes his mind off his work and some of the folks in his employ assert it is either that or something else.

His hobbies are golf (he belongs at Van Cortlandt Park and goes around in a clergyman's uniform), hog-calling, scratching his head, stepping on other pedestrians' feet to get their reaction, and trying to crash the gate at roque matches.

He is also an enthusiast on the subject of rare tapestries and when you go into his office you cannot help saying to yourself, "Davy and the Gobelin."

It is told of him that a prominent and beautiful society girl once tried to interest him in her stage career, which had hardly begun. He asked her to recite certain lines. They were emotional lines and she did not exhibit the proper spirit.

In fact, she seemed to have no nerve whatever. He decided to get her mad, which he did by biting off one of her ears. She went into a series of tantrums, exactly as he wanted her to, and when she had quieted down he said, "Fine! Fine! And I hope it doesn't hoyt!"

Afterward this lady became a polished actress, but her directors have always been obliged to place her so that her good ear is toward the performer she is talking to, so she can get the cue.

ONE of Davy's son-in-laws is Morris Gest and there is intense rivalry between the two as to which can look the quaintest.

Débutantes and boys of the younger generation cast their vote for Mr. Gest, pointing proudly to his hats and neckties, but people like Charles Dana Gibson, Harrison Fisher, Tad and other artists who have been on committees to pick Miss America at Atlantic City are unanimous in yielding the palm for all-around fetchingness to the Master.

Mr. Gest once attempted to steal a march on his illustrious father-in-law by having a special collar made that would keep revolving but found it impossible unless the neck were freely laved in soap and water.

(The next of these little sketches will probably treat of Mr. Will Rogers. Who can tell?)

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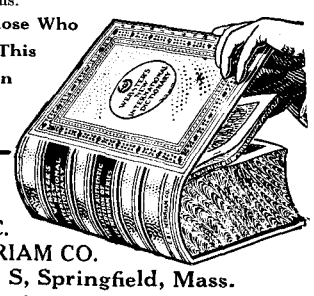

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Marriage for Two

Continued from page 14

someone has gone out too far, and will be arrested if he doesn't come in nearer shore. The wave indicates the direction to take."

Joyce laughed gayly. "And the only way for one to avoid arrest is to be drowned?"

The Englishman grinned. His brown eyes beamed approval upon the slim American girl. Tracy felt a sudden jealousy. Why should any other man be permitted to gaze upon Joyce? Damn! He was a fool. To hide his chagrin—he had an absurd belief that she could read his inner thoughts from his outer expression—he dashed into the surf, swam under a huge roller and came up to hear the blasts of a trumpet and to see two life guards frantically waving their arms. He glanced over his shoulder. No one else out beyond himself. Well, the silly fools must mean himself.

BUT one didn't care to be arrested. So he started to swim inshore. And then, laughing at his elbow, he found Joyce.

"Fearful current," she said.

Tracy had already discovered this. Things that were alive seemed pulling at his legs, his waist. His face whitened and he burned with chagrin as he noted Joyce's quick alarm.

"Listen," she said quickly, "flatten out. Get on *top* of the water. It won't pull then so much."

She herself, he noted, was at complete ease. He tried to follow her advice, felt that quick touch of panic which may seize upon the most hardy swimmer, and fought it down. But she—he was right; she knew his inner thoughts—touched his elbow. Her hand slipped under his chest.

It was all over in a second. Somehow they evaded the gripping current, were in the eddy, were being rushed to shore in a tumbling hilarious surf that seemed to take great joy in the fact that it had just frightened a couple of human beings.

She hadn't saved his life, he'd been in no real danger. But that touch upon his chest, that seemed to straighten him out, had restored his confidence, or his pride, or his strength. She'd done nothing at all, really, but she had shown that she would have been ready to do much.

After the angry life guards had been soothed by many francs and had departed to warn other rash bathers that the Bay of Biscay permits no liberties, Tracy looked at his wife.

"Anything that I ever did for you—you've repaid," he said.

"I was dying," she reminded him.

"I might very well have been drowned," he said.

"Nonsense," she retorted.

"You don't mind my being grateful?" he ventured.

"I don't want anything from you that I don't deserve," she said. Then she laughed. "Aren't we being a little bit dramatic? I happen to be a very good swimmer—I didn't know if you were accustomed to surf, and—well, I touched you—just to show you that—well, you weren't alone."

He eyed her curiously.

"That," he said, "seems to me to be the essence of marriage: that one should know that one isn't alone."

Her forehead wrinkled for a moment, and he knew that he had trodden upon dangerous ground. But her brows smoothed out again.

"Shall we try it once more?" she asked.

This time they contented themselves with the rollers inshore and were rewarded for their caution by a beaming smile from the life guard as they finally emerged from the water.

Back in Resaurie, the villa which they had rented, Tracy, rubbing himself dry in his bedroom, glanced at the door that separated his room from hers.

It was half open and he could hear a maid jabbering in excitable and barbarous French—all their servants were Basque and spoke a patois hardly understandable even to so good a French scholar as Tracy—and his heart leaped. She had not thought it necessary to close her door while she dressed. It was possibly a crude way to inform him that this morning's incident was forgotten, but surely it was more delicate than any speech could have been.

"How about cocktails at the Bar Basque, luncheon somewhere, and a fling at the shimmy tables later?" he called.

"It all sounds too wonderful," she called back, "especially the shimmy. What is shimmy?"

"A wicked and reprehensible gambling game," he explained. "Do you ever gamble?"

"I never have—with money," she replied.

He knew what she meant; she had gambled with life itself, and—there was pathos as well as courage in her words.

"Well, we'll take a few *milles* with us and try to win the season's expenses," he laughed. "Hurry up."

"Hurrying," she answered.

She kept her word. Fifteen minutes later their chauffeur left them before the Bar Basque, a tiny restaurant in front of which were placed a dozen tables. They were crowded with laughing folk, Spanish, South American, English and one or two Americans.

One of the latter leaped to his feet as Tracy and his wife alighted from their car.

"Larry Tracy," he cried.

His too-great enthusiasm grated on the ears of Joyce. She looked at this man who greeted her husband as though they were devoted brothers reunited after long separation.

She saw a man too fat for his years, too amiable for his expression, and too well-mannered for his obvious breeding. Tracy, she fancied, mastered a quick reluctance and then presented him.

"Mr. Weedon," he said.

WEEDON bent from the waist; moist lips pressed upon her hand. But before she could communicate to Tracy, even by glance, her distaste for this new acquaintance, they were in the midst of a laughing cosmopolitan group that whirled and eddied until a wave deposited her upon a chair beside a merry-eyed, red-haired man who, surprisingly, was a Spaniard.

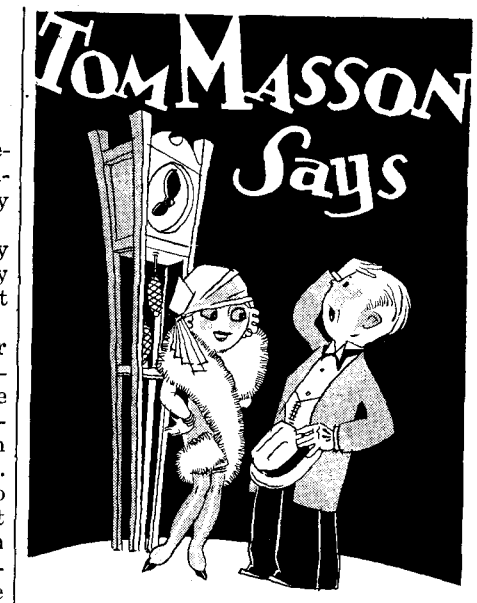
"I thought," she said, after the first cocktail, "that all Spaniards were dark."

The Marquis de Valdemagara—his friends, he almost instantly told her, called him Billy—smiled gayly.

"Most of us are—but we are an affectionate people, Mrs. Tracy. And there were many gallant Irish in Wellington's army. I would hate to think—with my so-red hair and blue eyes—that my great-great-grandmother had failed in hospitality to some homesick Irish officer."

His gayety was infectious. He had a yacht; he was a friend of Deganne, the great Spanish portrait painter, who had a villa back in the Pyrenees.

"Deganne would adore to paint you,



Beware of the girl who never keeps you waiting—later on you will have trouble in dodging her.

A business administration: made in South America.

A man in Chicago, seeking a divorce, complains that his wife fell in love with a ghost. His song is "The shades of night are falling for her too fast."

A London orator has come out strongly in favor of sleep as against the mid-Victorian notion that it is something to be ashamed of. But the great objection to it, in our opinion, is that you always have to wake up.

Sweet are the uses of advertising.

The next Congress will have seven women—this is a fair minority.

The curator of mollusks in the National Museum, Dr. Bartsch, is making a collection of snails for science. We hope he will not overlook the Chicago and New York police departments.

A man in Paris secured a divorce six hours after he was married. Probably rehearsing for Hollywood.

Lent: A period in which devout people suffer themselves to listen to radio sermons.

Al Smith is certainly a truly great man when he starts in to play golf afterward in order to recover his equanimity.

Speaking of horizons, aren't there too many signs on the dotted line?

There are no friends quite like the old friends—when they come around at the end of fifteen years and touch you for a fiver.

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AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

Mrs. Tracy," said Valdemagara. "And you have never seen a bull-fight? But listen — Pedro Cordobas — the great Portuguese—he kills from the back of his horse—he performs next Sunday at San Sebastian. No more. It is settled. In my car. Lunch at the top of the hill—you have never seen Spain—you will love it. But this is only Wednesday. There is tonight, all day tomorrow, Friday, Saturday—the Reserve opens tonight. You and your husband will do me the so great honor to be my guests at a dinner dance tonight. Ah—then that, too, is settled. And then we shall arrange for the rest of the week. This afternoon—I was cursed at birth, I think, or I should have no engagements from the time I met you—this afternoon I unfortunately am engaged. But the rest of the week, the month, the year—"

"Billy is in love again," a merry voice said.

JOYCE turned to meet a lovely blond American's glance.

"I'm not jealous," said the girl. "I've always told Billy that my type wasn't suited to his, but—Billy, you needn't have taken my word for it."

"Ah, Jeanne," said the Marquis, "it is not your word—it is your command. See," he turned to Joyce, "Madame Mazell tells me, over and over again, that she is unsuited to me. I find you—who are eminently suited—and—I hesitate at this; Castilian gallantry warns me, yet—my Jeanne is already jealous."

The pretty blonde smiled ravishingly. "Not jealous, Mrs. Tracy. Just the wee bit hurt, but—if you take Billy from me—there still remains your husband. Mr. Tracy," she called, "fight your way through this throng and solace me for the defection of a suitor."

"You ask me to believe the impossible," replied Larry. "But only the incredible could bring me a summons from you, so—I come."

Not too gracefully turned, thought Joyce, but a lot better than most men could have done. She felt a strange pride in her long-limbed, clear-eyed husband as he battered his way through laughing obstructors and gained the side of the lovely Mrs. Mazell. He could acquit himself well in the light lists of gayety, this husband of hers. That he had inner decencies she had known from the moment she met him, and she had learned that he could be merry, but it was good to realize that other people liked him at sight. Then her black eyes grew grave. What difference did it make to her whether or not other people liked him?

The cocktail party broke up soon, with arrangements for the evening all concluded, and Joyce and Larry strolled across the plaza to the Café de Paris. There they lunched leisurely and Tracy told her something about the people whom she had just met.

Paul Weedon was a college-mate, who now lived abroad, surviving, Larry suspected, by ways rather devious. Their acquaintanceship was slight, and Tracy disliked the man. Jeanne Mazell was married to an old friend of Tracy's, an elderly man who took a great delight in his wife's harmless coquetries, and tremendous pride in the fact that scores of men professed to adore her. Valdemagara was most highly placed in the nobility of Spain, a gentleman, educated at an American university, extremely rich, with a reputation for being a great lover that Tracy did not think he deserved.

"He's a bit too decent for all that," he commented.

The others were just drifters, friendly, amiable, idling folk who, Tracy hoped, would not bore Joyce.

"Bore? I was never so excited in my life," she told him. "When do we gamble?"

"Right after luncheon, if you like," he promised.

He kept his word, and they strolled over to the Casino, applied for cards, received them, and entered the salon. Tracy explained the mysteries of *chemin de fer* to his wife, placed her at a table where the limit was small, and strolled himself, with no thought of selfishness, to the "big" table. There he bought himself a bank, ran it three times, passed it, rebought it, and settled down to the serious business of gambling.

He was no addict, but whatever he did he did very seriously. The business of gambling was to win, so he bent every energy, every faculty, to winning. After half an hour he strolled over to Joyce's table. He had been unlucky, despite his feverish attention to the game, but Joyce had had the proverbial beginner's luck.

"Ahead?" he asked.

"I've won forty thousand francs," she breathlessly told him.

"Good for you. Hang on to it," he advised. Then he returned to his own table in response to the pleas of one of the attendants, who informed him that the bank had come around to his place.

He sat down, and as he did so he saw that a woman, obviously of the demimonde, was bending over Joyce's shoulder, speaking to her. He saw Joyce look up, apparently speak to the woman, rise and walk out of the salon. He frowned. Why on earth should Joyce go off with a strange woman? He had a phenomenal run, the bank passing six times, and he had won fifty thousand francs on this bank alone, when fortune turned. So he pocketed his profits and walked toward Joyce's table.

Her seat was still vacant, but as he neared the table she entered the salon and came toward him.

"Stuffy here. I went out for a breath of air," she told him.

He saw that she was a trifle pale.

"Who was your friend?" he asked.

"Friend? What friend?"

"The woman who spoke to you—with whom you went out," he replied.

"Went out? I didn't go out with anyone. A woman spoke to me—asked me to lend her some money to continue playing with—you told me they'd all try that—but I didn't go out with her."

LARRY stared at her. She *had* gone out with a woman, and with a woman who was quite obviously what she was. He had watched Joyce as she went, had noticed that she and the woman chatted all the way to the door.

Well, it was nothing. How could it be more than nothing? He changed the subject. He'd been mistaken; he must be mistaken. Joyce was not the kind to lie.

He had dismissed their chauffeur, so they took a cab. Arriving at their villa, he found he had no small money. "Lend me ten francs, Joyce, will you? I want to pay the cabby."

She laughed embarrassedly.

"I haven't got a penny," she confessed.

"But you were forty thousand ahead," he cried.

"I lost it all," she said.

Now he knew that she lied, lied deliberately. At that small game, it would have been a physical impossibility for her to have lost a fraction of forty thousand francs in the few seconds that had elapsed from the time he left her side until she left the room.

But why was she lying?

(*To be continued next week*)

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C-1-29

Third Accident

Continued from page 17

"Do you really want me to?" asked Elliott, thrilled by her concern for his safety.

"I certainly do!"

"Well, all right, then, I will," he promised tenderly.

That night they went to a dance at the Casino. Society, as Natalie said, might be quite futile, but it was also more or less unescapable. And since she'd been going to these Friday night dances for years, people might think it funny if she missed this one. . . .

THEY danced well together. And except when some foolish, futile youth like Jack Prescott cut in, Elliott thoroughly enjoyed himself.

"What are you laughing at, Prescott?" Elliott demanded, during a temporary sojourn in the stag-line.

"Listen, you egg," said Jack frivolously. "You think you're good, don't you? But remember you been here only one day. Wait till the novelty wears off, that's all."

"You make me sick, Prescott."

"Yeah?" returned young Prescott with his loathsome grin. "Just wait till Charley Grayson gets back from New York. Then you'll have a little competition, all right."

"Who's he?" asked Elliott indifferently. "Who's Charley Grayson?"

"Oh, he's just a bird that's got a kind of notion he's going to marry Natalie some day."

"Is *that* so! What else has he got?"

He stepped out on the floor and authoritatively detached Natalie from the arms of her current partner.

"Look!" said Elliott, when they were dancing together again. "I've just heard something from a fellow I wouldn't take seriously except that it concerns my happiness, Natalie. I mean, Jack Prescott told me there was another man in your life named Charley Grayson."

An instinctive honesty compelled the girl to say: "Yes, I do care something about him. I'm not going to tell you I don't. Charley and I are good friends."

"Oh, then he's just a friend?"

Natalie said: "I've grown up with Charley. . . . He's in New York now. He went down to see the fight. But he'll be back next week and then you'll meet him, Elliott, and you'll like him, too."

"Sure," said Elliott. "I guess I'll like him all right."

He drove Natalie home at midnight. They kissed at parting. They agreed that it had been a wonderful day. But Elliott's last waking thought that night was of Charley Grayson and his aluminum-bodied roadster.

The first time he saw this car, which was Wednesday of the week following, Elliott was seized with a kind of vertigo. Driving to the beach one fine morning he heard, behind him, the supercilious chime of a French horn. The next instant the silvery body of the roadster shot past him with an effortless rush that was crushing. And to complete his humiliation, Natalie occupied the seat beside its driver.

"Hello, Elliott!" she called gayly as the snobbish chariot rolled by.

Elliott's dislike of young Mr. Grayson turned to undying hatred. Shaking hands with him on the beach a few moments later, Elliott had an almost uncontrollable impulse to swing at the debonair Charley's jaw.

"I guess," he said to Natalie that evening, as they sat on the side porch of the Webster cottage, overlooking the sea, stained lavender by the long light of sunset, "I guess you won't want to ride in that old tomato can of mine now that you got a real car to ride around in."

"Oh, well, now—! That would be telling!" laughed Natalie. She was purposely evasive. She felt an emotional crisis coming on, and for some reason not entirely clear to her she wanted to avoid it.

Elliott's desire was obviously the contrary, but before he could pursue his inquiry, the hateful sound of the French horn was heard tooting joyously from the drive. Elliott sat up with a jerk.

"What's that?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Why, it—it must be Charley! I didn't know he was going to call tonight."

"Do you have to see him?"

"Well, I—I can't just tell him to go home."

"Then I guess *I'll* be going," announced Elliott, jumping to his feet.

But at that moment Charley Grayson appeared around the corner of the porch. Immediately Elliott changed his mind. The sight of that coolly sauntering figure, meticulously garbed in dinner jacket and white flannels, aroused a demon of stubbornness in his breast. "I guess I'll stay after all," he muttered to Natalie.

"Hello, Nat!" said Charley, advancing with outstretched hand. "Just dropped around to see if you wanted to take a buggy ride. Didn't know you had company."

He looked at Elliott and nodded.

"Hello, Crane!"

"Hello, Grayson," said Elliott.

"Well!" said Natalie, cheerfully. "Let's sit down and—and do tell us about the fight, Charley. Was Dempsey wonderful?"

"Wonderful!" said Charley. "He's got a right hook like the kick of a horse. That knock-out punch was one of the prettiest blows I've ever seen struck in the ring."

"It was a left to the heart, wasn't it?" questioned Elliott coldly.

"No, he only feinted with his left."

"What do you mean, feinted, Charley?" said Natalie, who was nervously determined to keep the conversation on safe grounds.

"I'll show you," said Charley, and squaring off in front of Elliott he prepared to demonstrate the blow. "You don't mind, do you, Crane?"

"Not at all," said Elliott.

YOUNG Mr. Grayson said: "It was like this, Nat!" and started his left for Elliott's stomach. The latter instinctively moved his hands to protect his solar plexus; whereupon Charley shot a neat right to Elliott's jaw.

"Ugh!" said that young man, recoiling.

"Gosh, Crane, I'm sorry!" exclaimed Charley. "I didn't mean to hit you."

"That's all right, Grayson."

"My fist sort of slipped."

"Charley didn't mean to hit you, Elliott," put in Natalie, rather breathlessly.

"That's all right. It's a good blow," said Elliott. "But I don't think it's any better than the one this fellow Tunney uses."

"What's that?" asked Charley, unwarily.

"It's a right to the heart—like this!" Very gently Elliott's fist landed on young Mr. Grayson's chest. "Then a quick short hook with the same hand to the jaw. Then a left hook to the other side of the jaw—like this!"

And so saying, Elliott delivered himself of a blow that was not the disinterested scientific tap it should have been. Young Mr. Grayson's head snapped back, his eyes blinked rapidly and his mouth opened to utter an indignant: "Say!"

"Oh, Elliott!" gasped Natalie.

But Elliott was instantly and innocently apologetic: "Gee, I'm sorry, Grayson. I guess my fist sort of slipped, too. Funny, isn't it? Just goes to show how hard it is for a fellow to pull his punches."

"That's right," said Charley, struggling to regain his composure.

"It certainly is funny," murmured Elliott.

"Well, don't let's have any more demonstrations!" said Natalie. "Let's just sit down and talk, or something."

So they sat down and talked. That is, Natalie talked. Her two callers simply sat. They sat for two hours, and then they rose and went home, in unison.

Two days later she discovered that Fate, in the process of determining one's life, may complicate it rather awfully. Another Friday had dawned, and with it was presented a certain grave and delicate problem: with whom would she go to the dance that night?

ON THE beach that morning Elliott said to her: "This is Friday, you know!"

"Yes, I know," murmured Natalie.

"I guess I don't have to say any more than that, do I? I mean, I guess you know what I mean."

"Well—but, Elliott, darling—"

"This is our day, isn't it? Isn't it, Natalie?"

"Yes, Elliott."

"Let's take a walk up the beach, sweetheart, like we did a week ago."

"No, I—I'm sorry, but I don't think I can. I think I'll just have to take a dip and go home. You see, Mother isn't feeling very well."

"Oh, gee! But you'll go driving with me this afternoon, won't you?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. I guess Mother'll be all right by this afternoon. Now come on. Let's go in the ocean."

Returning to the bathhouse she met Charley Grayson in a dashing suit of bright orange. "Hello, Nat! Going to the dance with me tonight, aren't you?"

"Well, I—"

"You haven't promised anyone else, have you?"

"No. Not exactly," said Natalie, feeling that life was very difficult at times.

"Then you're going with me. You always have! I'll be around about eight-thirty," said Charley, with a masterful air that to Natalie, in her present mood of indecision, seemed irresistible.

She nodded meekly, and disappeared into her bathhouse with an uneasy sense of impending trouble. "I'll just have to tell Elliott that Charley asked me first," she said to herself, as she slipped out of her wet bathing suit.

But somehow it wasn't easy to tell Elliott that she was going to the dance with Charley. She kept waiting for the right moment; but the right moment didn't manifest itself. Then she thought: "Oh, it's all too silly! Why should I bother to make an issue of anything so unimportant? I'll just stop worrying and enjoy the drive."

At eight-thirty that evening she was dressed and ready for whatever crisis Fate might have in store for her. After all, it could not be a very terrible crisis. . . .

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At eight-thirty-five Charley Grayson arrived in his shining roadster to take her to the Casino. "Want to drive?" he asked as he helped her into the car.

"All right," said Natalie, who in times past had found it thrilling to take the wheel of Charley's car. But at this moment she wasn't thrilled. She was simply nervous. She wanted to get to the Casino as quickly as possible. . . .

At eight-forty Natalie was urging the powerful roadster swiftly down the drive. At eight-forty-one she rounded a curve and crashed head-on, with a fearful impact, into Elliott Crane's flaming red car.

She had one glimpse of Elliott's face; she saw the startled, stricken look in his eyes. His eyes seemed to stare at her with wild accusation. . . . Then that awful noise, like a queer loud gun-shot in the soft night. And then chaos. . . .

NATALIE had closed her eyes at the crash. Now she opened them and saw Charley Grayson kneeling beside the prone figure of Elliott, who lay sprawled grotesquely on the ground.

"Is he dead?" asked Natalie, in a strained, unnatural voice.

Charley said: "Oh, I don't think so!"

Then Elliott's voice, strangely calm in the darkness: "No, I'm not dead. . . . It's just my shoulder, I think. . . . You can't kill a guy on his lucky day!" And he made a sound like a laugh.

Natalie began to sob hysterically.

Twenty-four hours later Elliott was in a hospital in Boston. The doctor who attended him assured his parents that he had suffered no more injury than a broken collar bone.

Elliott did not correct the doctor. But he knew of a wound that had escaped the physician's limited observation. After all, broken hearts are harder to diagnose than broken collar bones.

One day during his convalescence he was lying in bed reading a book on aviation, when a letter arrived from Lord's Harbor. Natalie Webster's monogram was on the back of the envelope. Elliott looked at this monogram for a long time. . . . Finally, with cool deliberation, he destroyed the letter unopened. After which he went on reading his book on aviation.

He did not see Natalie again until he was twenty-five years old.

The view from the side porch of the Webster cottage, in Lord's Harbor, is a magnificent view. But its magnificence on a certain noontide in August, eight years later, apparently did not interest Miss Natalie Webster, who, lying prone on a wicker couch, with her face buried in its pillows, wept gently. In her right hand she clutched a crumpled telegram, which she had received a few minutes before. After reading this telegram she had begun to cry. Yet, strangely enough, she herself did not understand exactly why she was crying.

Why should she cry? Her life was beautifully arranged, her happiness assured, her future settled. Was she not engaged to marry, within the next two weeks, Mr. Charles Grayson, now a multimillionaire in his own right and one of the nicest men on earth, whom she had known and liked for years? Was not her mother at this moment in New York making the final selections for her trousseau, and wasn't everything just simply splendid?

"Oh, yes, it is! And I'm a fool!" Natalie told herself. "More than that, I'm twenty-four years old." This reflection sobered her. She sat up and dried her eyes. Then, hearing a faint, steady humming in the sky, she looked seaward and beheld an airplane flying low above the coast. It had a silvery body that caught the sun. . . . Perhaps it would land on the beach. . . . There had been many planes on the beach that summer. . . .

But though the passing of an airplane was a familiar sight, Natalie now recalled, mechanically, the fragment of a conversation that invariably occurred to her when she saw one of these man-made darning-needles plunging through space. Certain words, long since spoken and spent, but still welling up from the bottom of her mind. . . . "Elliott Crane, you promise me this minute that you'll carry a parachute!"

"Well, gee, if that's the way you feel about it, Natalie. . . ."

She was still lying there, on the couch, when a man came around the corner of the porch and walked toward her. He was a tall man in a tweed suit that looked mussed. His hair was blond and mussed. He had blue eyes.

"Hello, Natalie," he said.

She sat up and looked at him. Her eyes were bluer than his in the sunlight.

"Hello," she said. "Elliott—?"

"Sure. I'm Elliott."

"Elliott!"

"I came to see you, Natalie."

"You did?"

"Yes."

She smiled faintly. She sat there for some time looking at him with a faint, wondering smile. Then she made a little gesture with her hand.

"Sit down," she said, "and tell me all about it."

He sat down on the couch beside her.

"Well," he said. "I'll tell you. . . . But it's sort of crazy. . . . I mean you may think I'm a bit cuckoo."

"No, I won't. And anyway, it doesn't matter."

"Well, it's funny. . . . But you see I've been thinking about you a good deal lately. . . . I mean I knew you were engaged to Charley Grayson and this morning, in New York, I saw your wedding plans announced in the paper."

"Yes?"

"Then I happened to glance up at the date-line at the top of the paper, and—! Do you know what day this is, Natalie?"

"What day? Why, it's—"

"It's Friday, the thirteenth of August," said Elliott, and grinned at her with a sudden familiar boyishness.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Natalie. "So it is! And you—you *flew* up here on Friday the thirteenth—?"

"Sure. Don't you remember how I used to say that Friday was my lucky day?"

"I remember—" began Natalie; then she paused and looked at the view, which seemed to her to be unusually bright just then.

"I remember you never answered the letter I wrote you when you were in the hospital that time."

"No," said Elliott. "I tore up that letter. I was through with you. At least I thought I was."

SHE said without reflection: "And weren't you?"

"I was not," he answered simply. "I've thought of you steadily for eight years. . . . I've carried you around in my mind all that time. . . . You see, I really loved you. And if you think I'm being a poor sport to tell you so now, when you're engaged to Charley Grayson, then you'll just have to go ahead and think so. I flew up here from New York to tell you I still love you."

"You do?"

"I do," said Elliott, and putting out his hand, touched her wrist. "But don't worry about it. All you've got to do is to tell me you're happy. . . . I mean, happy about marrying Grayson. . . . Are you happy about that, Natalie? Let me look at you."

"No!"

"Why not?"

"No, I won't!"

But the pressure of his hand on her

(*Continued on page 48*)

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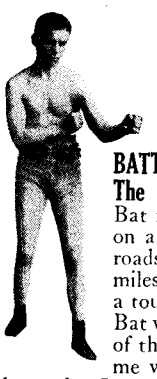

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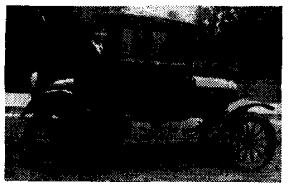

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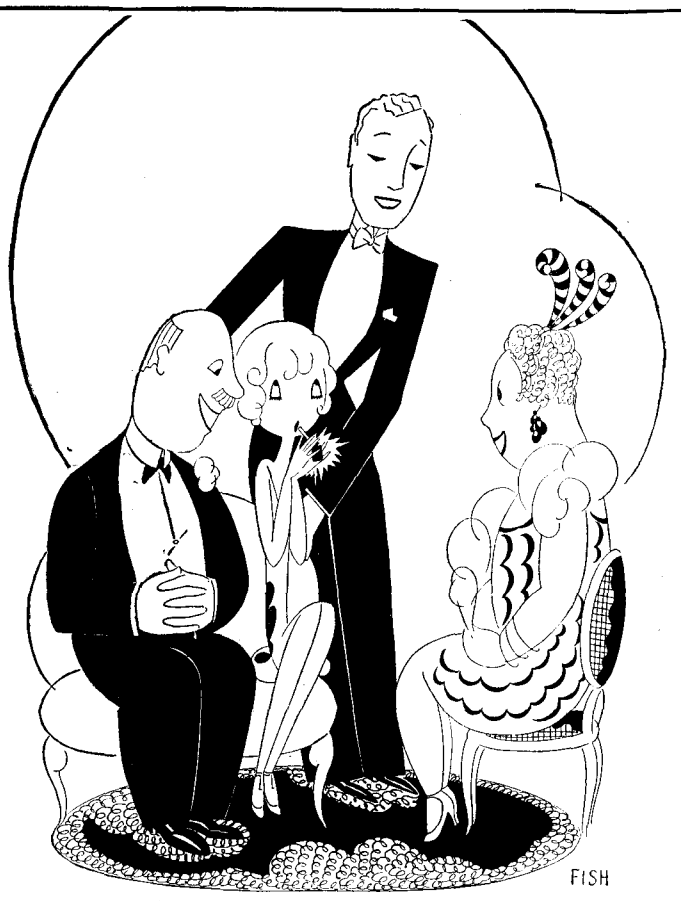

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(*Continued from page 47*)

arm was somehow compelling. She turned her face toward him, defiantly.

"You look as though you'd been crying," he said, after a moment's critical scrutiny.

"Well, I have," admitted Natalie.

"You have? Then you can't be so very damned happy!"

"Why, yes, I am. It's just that—" Natalie stopped, groping mentally for some reason to give him. . . . Some logical reason why she should have been crying. Suddenly she was aware of the crumpled telegram lying on the pillow beside her.

"You see," she said, picking it up and wadding it into a tight yellow ball.

"You see, I've just had a telegram from Mother. She's in New York, buying some things for my trousseau, and she—she isn't well. I mean she's ill. I mean she was taken ill today—this morning—quite suddenly, and I—she—"

"Why, that's too bad, Natalie. What's the matter with her? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"I don't know," said Natalie. "She didn't say. I mean, I can't make out. But I feel that I ought to be with her, and—you see, there's no train leaving Lord's Harbor till this evening. And so I cried."

"Gee, I don't blame you."

"It's awful," said Natalie, "to think I can't get away from here till this evening."

"I'm sorry, Natalie."

SHE turned impulsively and faced him. The light of a great inspiration shone in her eyes.

"Oh, Elliott!" she begged. "Do take me to New York in your plane! I must be with Mother! I simply must!"

"My God!" said Elliott. "Take you to New York—? In my ship—? On Friday the thirteenth!"

"But you flew *up* here on Friday the thirteenth."

"Yes, I know, but—! Gee, I'd do anything in the world for you, Natalie, and I don't give a darn about myself. . . . But since we've known each other we've had two accidents, each on a Friday—and you know they say the third accident is fatal."

Natalie sprang to her feet.

"I don't care if they do! I mean, I don't care what happens. I want to go to New York and I want you to take me."

"But, Natalie—"

"Why, it's like a miracle, your turning up here today. Say you'll take me, Elliott. Please say you will?"

He got up and stood in front of her, close to her, looking into her eyes.

"Sure, I'll take you," he said. "What the hell! Of course I'll take you. Go get ready. We'll start as soon as I can refuel my ship."

"Oh, Elliott!"

"That's all right," said Elliott. "What the hell!"

"What the hell!" repeated Natalie, her eyes as bright as the summer sea. Then she laughed exultantly and ran into the house.

Some forty-five minutes later she looked down from the passenger's seat in Elliott's silver plane and saw Lord's Harbor laid out in a neat pattern far, far below her. The pattern disappeared. . . . Natalie looked up into that vast mysterious sea of space where surely the gods of chance must dwell, if any such gods there be. Friday the thirteenth! She glanced around at Elliott sitting in the pilot's cockpit behind her. He smiled and waved his hand reassuringly. The roar of the motor drowned her answering shout:

"I'm not afraid!" But she was afraid, and knew it. The gods of chance were so very capricious in their management of human destinies. . . .

At half past three that afternoon they landed, quite safely, on Curtiss Field. Elliott brought the plane down as lightly as a feather. They got out, secured a taxi and were soon on their way into town. Their destination was the Hotel Ambassador, where Mrs. Webster was staying. Elliott told the driver to hurry.

"You'll be with your mother before long now," he said; and added, cheerfully: "Well, I got you this far, anyway."

"Elliott, it was simply wonderful!"

"You weren't frightened, were you?"

"I was thrilled! I mean, I loved every minute of it. I mean—"

"Well," he said, "if this taxi bird doesn't wrap us around an elevated pillar or something—"

"Oh, don't, Elliott! Don't mention it!"

"All right, dear. I've got my fingers crossed," Elliott assured her.

Had he said "dear"? Natalie looked at him and decided he had said "dear." There was something—a certain expression in his eyes—

"Elliott," she said.

"Yes, Natalie?"

"Have you ever forgiven me for those two awful accidents?"

"Sure. I guess I have. Why, sure, I—"

Bang went one of the front tires on the speeding taxi. The driver pulled his crippled car into the curb and stopped. Elliott and Natalie looked at each other with a certain grim humor.

"Blow-out," said Elliott. "Just a blow-out, that's all. We'll get another cab."

"No," said Natalie.

"Why not?"

"Well, it would be such a bother. And besides, isn't that a restaurant across the street? Let's go get something to eat."

"Something to eat? But—good Lord! Think of your mother!"

"Think of me," said Natalie. "I'm hungry."

She got out of the cab and started across the street. Elliott, feeling slightly bewildered, followed her. They entered the restaurant and Natalie sat down at a table.

"Why," she said, "I'm really quite famished." She picked up a menu and began to study it.

"But gosh, Natalie! You surely don't want to eat here, do you? In this place?"

"It's a nice place," she said placidly.

"But you—you looked so darned *settled!*" blurted out Elliott. "Aren't you *in a hurry to get to your mother?*"

"No," said Natalie. "I'm not. I've deceived you about that, Elliott. So you better sit down and order something, too. This is a good place to talk. I think I'll have a ham-and-egg sandwich."

"Natalie, for God's sake, what are you driving at? What do you mean you've deceived me?"

SHE looked up at him, smiling rather a misty, tremulous smile.

"Oh, my dear," she said. "Do sit down, and I'll try to tell you. But don't be cross with me, because it's much more difficult than you know. . . . Here's the telegram I received this morning from Mother. You can read that first."

She took the yellow wad of paper out of her purse and gave it to him. He smoothed it out and read: "Have just bought heavenly peignoir peacock blue with ermine trimmings your trousseau almost complete expect to be home Sunday my neuralgia better love Mother."

Elliott looked up from the telegram with a dazed expression in his eyes.

"Why," he said. "Your mother isn't sick at all!"

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"No, Mother isn't sick at all. She's in New York buying my trousseau. I just invented her illness on the spur of the moment, because I—"

"Because you what?" demanded Elliott sternly.

"Because I was so frightfully unhappy," said Natalie, in a low voice that suddenly set his nerves tingling.

"DARLING!" he exclaimed. "I'm so glad! I mean, I'm glad if you mean what I think you mean."

"Well, I do," she said. "You see, I've always liked Charley, but after I'd promised to marry him—well, I knew then that I didn't love him. Oh, I've always known I didn't love him! I love you, Elliott, and if you hadn't been such an idiot and torn up that letter I wrote to you when you were in the hospital with a broken collar bone you'd have known it eight years ago."

"Natalie!" cried Elliott, seizing her hands across the table. "I know it now, and that's enough. Because I simply adore you!"

"Well, I'm glad you do," said Natalie, "because I'm planning to marry you as soon as possible. Say first thing in the morning. Then I'll have to see Mother about that blue peignor—and several other matters. I'm afraid Mother's neuralgia will be worse when she finds out I've eloped with you. Because that's what we've done, darling, though I don't think you quite realize it—yet."

"Sweetheart!" said Elliott, recklessly kissing her hands. "I do realize it! Gee! Didn't I *tell* you Friday was my lucky day? And to think our meeting again was really nothing but an accident!"

"The third accident," said Natalie, softly.

"Sure. The fatal one."

"Are you quite *sure* it's fatal, Elliott?"

"Well," said Elliott, rising and starting around the table. "We're going to marry each other, aren't we?"

The proprietor of the restaurant was astonished to see his two respectable-looking customers fall into an embrace that lasted quite a long while.

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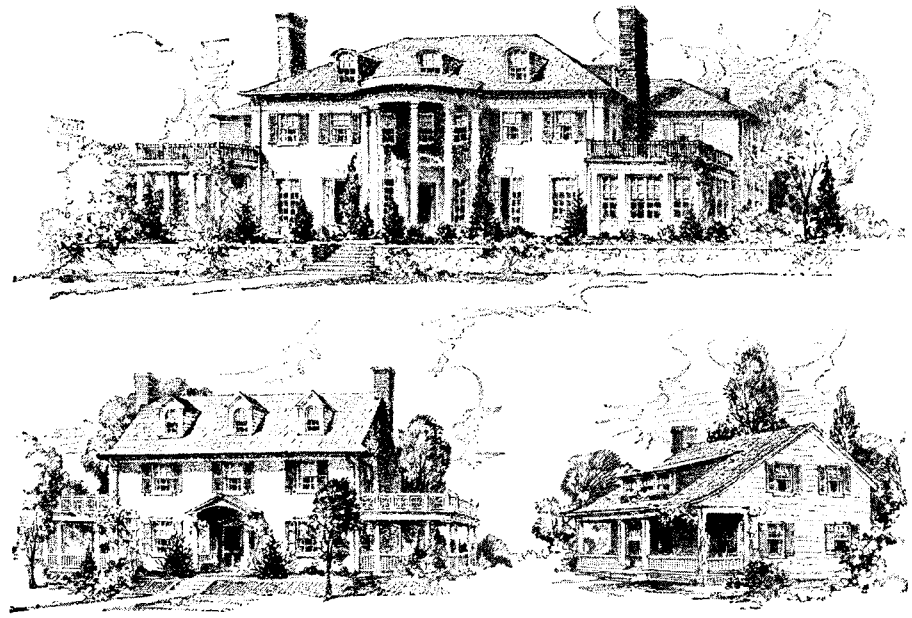

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Modesty à la Mode

EVERY now and again eminent somebodies bewail the decay of modern manners and assert that the younger generation is irreverent, immodest and hell-bent for perdition.

They point to the reflection of modern conduct in modern literature, wherein young women are portrayed in scanty attire and jazzy behavior, and young gentlemen as the latest adaptation of an old institution—the cup-bearers transformed to hip-flask toters.

Admittedly, something has happened to our present-day code whereby habits, such as drinking and smoking by females, which heretofore were not considered polite, are now generally conceded to be respectable if not reputable.

The rôle of a reformer is unpalatable, so we discreetly pass indictment of the sins of society to those favored by divinity degrees—and also by the sometimes divine patience of congregations.

But when it is charged that moral chaos looms because the newer freedom in social relations involves denial of modesty, ordinary laymen may be permitted to repulse an extraordinary charge.

The quickest way is to find out what the charge means. We may be relieved of money by a man with a gun or by a man with a tax-bill. Subtraction from our wealth may be the same; but the first is theft and an outrageous sort of theft; the second may be no less outrageous, but it is far more legal.

So, when we are told that young folks of today are bold in conduct and conversation and intolerably "fresh," careful inquiry may reveal that what is meant is that they are unconventionally frank.

You may recall that Catherine of Russia was a powerful sovereign with right of life and death over millions of subjects. If history should sum up Catherine's character and career in one phrase, it would be, in the rather expressive vernacular—"red-hot momma." When an English diplomat presented his credentials to the Court of Catherine he was impressed by squads of handsome young men strutting about the palace grounds. He complimented the empress on the type of manhood she picked for her army, whereupon a cagy old courtier delicately informed the Englishman that her majesty's army was elsewhere, that the squads of young men were her majesty's lovers.

This episode in the life of a distinguished lady is cited, not to disparage, but to define. For Catherine, who had cumulatively companionate ideas of marriage, never smoked a cigarette; never, we are told, drank a cocktail or any kind of drink; never, it is certain, appeared in public without being completely and copiously attired in stiff, high bodices and gowns with trains like carpets. Yet that potent lady's morals were more mixed than those of the most modern and reckless flapper, vamp or gold-digger.

All the routine condemnations of immodesty leave the conviction that if it is risky to indict a nation, it is madness to indict a sex. The man is unwise who expresses blunt opinions on such things as cosmetics or other aids to beauty, although even a cautious fellow may observe that on some occasions beauty seems to need much more aid than it gets. Again, only the daring members of the alleged stronger sex will decry female fashions which reveal too much of the wearer.

Many old jokes are made about the new styles; but remember that the purest races and tribes of mankind have usually been the least clothed. The safest measure of a woman's worth is not what is on her, but what is in her.

Modesty is not a question of morals, but of manners. It is a small word that has come a long way and acquired new meaning en route. Modesty is really mode, custom. And if we progress from old stiffness and hypocrisies to a new and fresh frankness, to an easy naturalness instead of priggishness and suspicion between men and women of whatever age, then true modesty gains and false modesty loses—as all things false eventually must.

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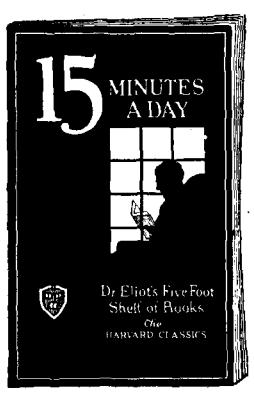

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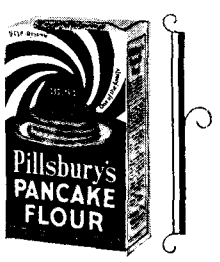
On a long and lonely trip, Ernest McGroucher meets an old friend from home—Pillsbury's pancakes.

If you'd like to see an outburst of boyish enthusiasm tomorrow morning, give your husband Pillsbury's pancakes, with perhaps a little sausage or bacon. It takes no time at all—simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and bake!



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

made of the same pure, high quality ingredients you use in your own kitchen

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